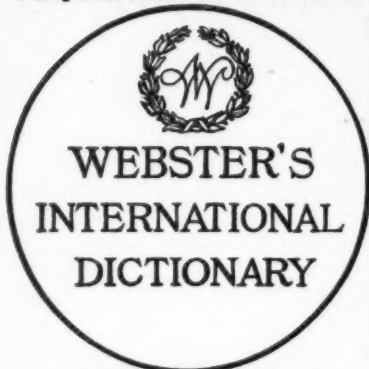


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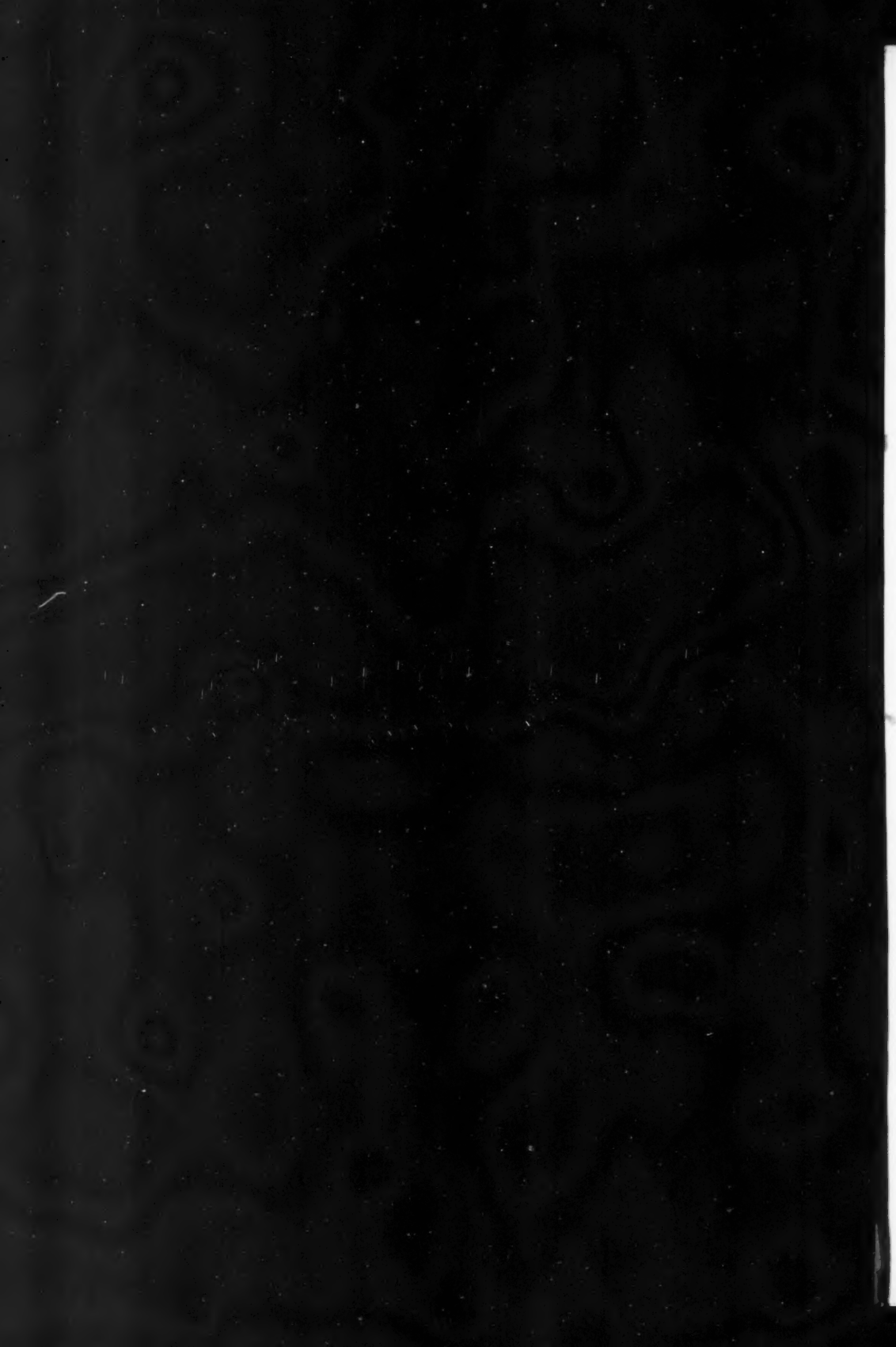
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SEA-SORROW.

ABOVE our head the storm rack drives,
As madly sky with ocean strives,
While the stern rocks look on;
One ne'er would deem
That, save in dream,
Here sunlight ever shone.

As momentarily the tumult lulls,
We hear the cruel shrieking gulls
That seem to mock our pain;
But shoreward borne
To us that mourn
The loved voice ne'er again.

As feathers shows the soft white spray,
A bed where men tired limbs might lay—
Ah! cruel as the grave
Its iron grasp;
From that close grasp
No love hath might to save.

They go down to the sea in ships,
Our kisses warm upon their lips:
It bears them out afar,
When dawn is red
To fling our dead
Across the moaning bar.

Kind earth's dead blossoms bloom again;
Her buried seed yields golden grain:
But, ah! what help may be,
Save on a far-off tideless shore,
That day when sea shall be no more,
To ease the smart
Of one whose heart
Lies buried in the sea?

ISABELLA J POSTGATE.

Gentleman's Magazine.

A MISSED SUMMER.

WHITE rose-leaves star the grassy way
She takes among the flowers to-day,
Her morning task is done:
From sapphire skies, through latticed screen
Of bending branches, summer-green,
Looks down the August sun.

Along the flower-fenced alley floats
A melody of blackbird notes,
A carol from the thrush;
Then golden silence touches all,
No sound except the waterfall
Disturbs the noontide hush.

She plucks a rose with weary grace;
She drops the rose; across her face
A tender shadow falls.
What is a full-blown rose to her,
For whom no summer pulses stir,
No summer song-bird calls?

No summer — there the story lies,
Told dumbly by those asking eyes,
Soft, with a touch of flame —
She had her happy, childish hours,
Her radiant springtime, sun and showers;
But summer never came.

She waited where the seasons meet,
She said farewell to childhood sweet,
Her spring's young blossoms died;
But when she looked for summer glow,
With rose-red garlands all a-blow,
Poor heart! she was denied.

She waited as the years went by,
She bore her burden patiently,
And walked her way apart;
She saw her playmates, one by one,
Pull joy's bright blossoms in the sun,
With sweet, ungrudging heart.

She missed her summer. Yea; but so,
Methinks, she missed the share of woe
That blends with summer bliss.
She missed love's sunshine — and its ache,
The thousand gnawing cares that take
The honey from a kiss.

She missed love's roses — and its thorn;
The thunder-clouds of passion born
Touched not her quiet life:
Her eyes are sad with loneliness,
But tell no tale of wild distress,
No story of strong strife.

She missed her summer, but hath found
Contentment in her daily round
Of duty done, apart:
It waiteth for her elsewhere,
In some far haven, calm and fair,
The summer of the heart!

All The Year Round.

THE WANE OF SUMMER: HARVEST-TIME.

SUMMER is passing. From the banks no
more
Are showered the pendulous sprays of
eglantine,
The honeysuckle coils have ceased to twine,
The fragrance of the meadowsweet is o'er;
The skylark that all day was wont to pour
Thro' the enchanted air his song divine
Has vanished, in mute solitude to pine
For the razed wheat from which he used to
soar.

Summer is passing. Fitfully we hear
Her knell low-muttered 'neath the faint
wind's breath;
And yet, so radiant doth her guise appear,
In such a golden swoon she slumbereth,
That Autumn, from her ambush stealing near,
Is half in doubt if it indeed be death.

Spectator.

WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

From Temple Bar.

A SOLDIER OF THE MUTINY.

EARLY in the spring of 1856 the Marquis of Dalhousie, having made over to Lord Canning the sceptre of Indian Empire, stepped aboard the vessel which was to bear him home to England. Previous, however, to his embarkation, he took leave of the country, whose future, for good or evil, he had so masterfully shaped, in a long farewell minute, in which, after passing in review the various acts of his administration, he summed up the position of the native soldier in this short but pregnant sentence: "Hardly any circumstance of his condition is in need of improvement."

Within little more than a year of the day those words were penned, the Sepoys mutinied and the Bengal presidency was in a flame.

How, then, did the great governor come to be so misinformed? or, if he was not misinformed, what had brought about the change? The whole truth will probably never be known, for the skein of native testimony is tangled past hope of unloosing. But of this, at any rate, there is no doubt, that it was the issue of the greased cartridge that supplied the fulcrum, so long and vainly sought by fanatic agitators, upon which to rest the lever of rebellion. A great fear, the fear of extinction of caste, had fallen upon the Sepoys. Compared with this new terror, all previous grievances faded into insignificance. Henceforth the wandering fakeer, as at nightfall he urged his donkey towards the native cantonments, felt that the white sahibs had forged the thunderbolt of their own destruction; and when the morning was come, vanished, smiling, across the plain, rejoicing in his heart over a night's work well accomplished.

At last the fatal Sunday dawned. It was the 10th of May. All day the native lines and the bazaars of the great station of Meerut were thronged by excited crowds. The sun began to sink. Then suddenly, as in the cool of the evening the European residents came trooping out of church, there broke upon their ears the rattle of musketry which proclaimed that

the Sepoys were up. Swiftly in the gathering gloom the work of massacre went on. Officers making for the lines were cut down by their own men. Ladies, with their little children, left alone whilst their husbands went out unhesitatingly to die for duty, were found on the morrow butchered in their homes. All that night the English troops bivouacking on the great parade ground, watched the glare of the flaming bungalows reddening the summer sky; all that night they listened to the screams of the victims, and the yells of the infuriated devils whom the bazaars and dens of the city had belched forth to plunder and to slay. And all that time, beneath the great pale moon, fearful that every moment the clatter of the troop-horses and the rumble of the guns of the avenging English would burst from the night behind, the natives of the Meerut brigade were toiling, pressing, onwards, forward to the Jumna glistening in their front.

The morning sun was dancing on the minarets of the city as the mutineers, shouting that they had slain the English at Meerut, and come to raise the banner of the Prophet, swept through the streets of Delhi. Then in a few hours the midnight carnival of blood was reacted in the face of day. It was in vain that the officers of the Delhi regiments besought their "children" to remain true to their salt—they were answered with curses and with blows; it was in vain that Simon Fraser took his stand, alone, at the foot of the palace stairs leading to the apartments of his countrywomen, and strove by adamant resolution to stay the tide of murder surging at his feet—he fell, and the waters mounted over his body to flood the corridors overhead; it was in vain that nine English soldiers threw themselves into the great arsenal, and after a despairing, heroic effort to hold it against the thousands mounting to the assault, fired the magazine, and buried themselves and their foes beneath the *dbris*. Against such numbers gallantry was of no avail, there could be but one end. That night the flag of rebellion floated over the palace of the Moguls, whilst, in the halls beneath, a prince of the house of Akbar

larded it once more upon the throne of his fathers.

Such was the news which, during those terrible May days, came flashing past "the lightning posts," north and east, to Simla and Calcutta. It was felt that it was no time for half measures. Every day the plains round Delhi were heavy with the dust-clouds of fresh battalions marching in to swell the ranks of mutiny. The hesitation on the Meerut parade-ground had already jeopardized the safety of the empire.

"I should rejoice," wrote Lord Canning, "to hear that there had been no holding our men, and that the vengeance had been terrible."

Anson was the first to move. Massing every available man at Umbála, he struck for Delhi. By the middle of the month he was known to be endeavoring to open communications with Meerut. One night the officers of Wilson's advanced pickets were discussing the chances of the junction.

"Hodson," said one of them, "is, I know, at Umbála; and I'll bet he will force his way through with despatches."

A few hours later a burst of musketry fire woke the echoes of the night. It was reported that the enemy had attempted to surprise the pickets, but finding them on the *qui-vive*, had drawn off. As the day was breaking, a solitary horseman galloped into the lines, and the redoubtable Hodson swung himself out of the saddle. Thirty hours previously he had started from Kurnal, on his seventy-six miles' ride through an enemy's country, with a led horse and a Sikh escort, and it had been in attempting to pass the English pickets in the darkness, without the password, that he had drawn their fire, and been forced to wait for dawn.

And now, as he stands upon the Meerut parade-ground, the centre of an eager crowd, let us look closer at this famous soldier, who, after twelve years' incessant striving in the forefront of the battle of empire, finds himself still a subaltern in one of "John Company's" regiments. A tall, spare man, of thirty-six summers, still lithe and clean of limb as when, twenty long years ago, he would lead the Rugby

boys round "Barby Church," and come striding home, beneath the oriel over the great gates, a good mile ahead of the rear-most hounds. The "golden hair" of the schoolboy has dulled into sober brown, though it still curls thickly over the broad, noble forehead, but in the laughing blue eyes you may still spell the charm that has fascinated so many hearts, whilst in the delicate, haughty nostrils and firm, compressed lips is written, legibly enough, the story of many bitter resentments.

There is always a peculiar interest in the dissection of a paradox, particularly when it represents the character of an important individual. It may, of course, be objected that mankind is, after all, one huge paradox, or rather bundle of paradoxes, but human inconsistency, as a rule, explodes itself in petty weaknesses, such as the squabbles of the Great Frederick and Voltaire over their chocolate and wax tapers, and rarely disturbs the main lines of character. In the person of William Hodson, however, history lights upon one of these exceptions, and out of the babel of discordant testimonies has to fashion the likeness of the man. In the eyes of his admirers, Hodson was a perfect paladin of chivalry. They wrote of him as one whose life had been blasted by "slandorous tongues," as a veritable "Bayard or Amadis de Gaul," and finally, under the auspices of a religious society, presented the public with a version of his career, in which he was made to figure as a "Christian Hero." Such injudicious adulation quickly elicited an altogether unexpected response. A number of men who had known Hodson well in India, and been brought in contact with him in his public capacity, began to give the world the benefit of their recollections. These reminiscences, some of them, it is to be feared, as highly colored as the original virtues, for the most part took the shape of stories of violence, of cruelty, and even of fraud. The attribute of Christian heroism was dismissed, in vulgar English, as the merest moonshine. And, as a general result, the reputation of its object underwent a serious eclipse. All this is sufficiently incongruous, but then the person who attempts to unfold

the mystery which stood William Hodson in the shape of a character, must not be startled by incongruities. That a man who had been guilty of a tithe of the crimes set down to his account should have been able to retain the friendship of some of the noblest spirits of his day, in particular of one whom he was supposed to have personally wronged, is sufficiently extraordinary, though not more extraordinary than that an officer who in his public life seems carefully to have eschewed the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, who swore at his troopers like a fishwife, and for the soft answer that turneth away wrath substituted the persuasion of the clenched fist, should have filled his private letters with sentiments of the most exalted piety and patient resignation, and that too without the slightest suspicion of cant. Take him from what side you will, it is always the same.

In 1852 he married. The lady was the widow of John Milford of Exbury. From that moment he lavished on his wife, and, whilst she lived, upon his little daughter, all the fierce passion of a heart bursting for something to love. And yet, under circumstances which would have overwhelmed another man with a sense of desolation, he listens to the trumpet blast like the war-horse in Job, and rides off, all unsoftened, to rejoice in the battle, and deal out Jedburgh justice with his own hand, under conditions which would have made the most savage mercenary glad to employ the musket-barrels of his men.

But, after all, the truest criterion of a man's nature is to be found in his past. What then was Hodson's record? The son of a Gloucestershire clergyman, he had gone to Rugby in the days of the Arnold *régime*. There the great doctor, who read the hearts of his pupils like an open book, had been swift to note the masterfulness of the boy, and conscious that the surest way to restrain arrogance lay in the imposition of responsibility, enlisted his talents as "head" of a "house" to restore discipline and suppress bullying. The prescience of the great head master was signally justified. When Hodson went up to the university, he left behind him the remembrance of a determined and

despotic, but not unkindly sway. At Cambridge he was better known on the river than in the schools, though that scholarship was not distasteful to him is amply evident from his correspondence. As a letter-writer, he reminds one forcibly of his contemporary, Sir Herbert Edwards. There is the same nervous style, the same graphic picturesqueness and wealth of detail, the same tendency to over-elaboration. If, however, Hodson had ever turned his thoughts seriously towards letters, health intervened to thwart his purpose; and forced to decide upon a line of action, he determined to attempt fortune in the service of the East India Company.

On the 13th of September, 1845, he landed at Calcutta. The hour was favorable for his purpose. After years of noisy threatening the soldiers of the Khalsa were at last gathering beyond the Sutlej, incited by their priests to exterminate the armies of the Feringhee. There was rough work ahead; and Hodson, anxious to do his part, pushed on to the front, and on the 7th of November succeeded in joining the regiment to which he had been temporarily appointed, the 2nd native Grenadiers. At Moodkee, where his cheek was grazed by a bullet from the musket of one of his own frightened Sepoys, he got his baptism of fire; and when, three days later, on the evening of the 21st of December, the British infantry rushed through the cannon smoke for the entrenchments on the field of Ferozeshah, he was one of the little band of officers of the 2nd Grenadiers which was left under the enemies' batteries when the regiment broke and fled. He escaped, as though by a miracle, with only a ball through the leg, but so disgusted was he with the spirit of the regiment that, when it was sent to the rear, he applied for and obtained permission to finish the campaign in the ranks of the 16th Grenadiers. With it he took part in the crowning victory of Sobraon; and when, after four hours of frightful carnage, the British forced their way over the fourth line of entrenchments, and hurled down the Sikhs into the Sutlej below, he found himself all unharmed save for a scratch upon the finger. The cam-

paing was over. On the 29th of April the rearguard of the victorious army filed slowly back over the bridge of boats which crossed the Suttlej by Nuggur Ghat. The war, begun for conquest, had ended in the subjugation of the aggressor.

Hodson received little benefit from his services, owing to his not having been permanently posted before the war broke out. He had indeed won the reputation of a dashing officer, and to that was probably due his appointment to the crack regiment of the Bengal establishment, the 1st European Fusiliers. Beyond that he had little to congratulate himself upon. In his twenty-sixth year, he wrote home, half banteringly, half sarcastically, he found himself in the "distinguished position" of eighth second lieutenant of his regiment. There is, however, in his correspondence no taint of bitterness—rather that buoyancy of hope which never, even in his darkest hour, quite deserted him.

But it was not in the ranks of his own profession that Hodson looked for ultimate advancement. In those days the line between the military and civil services was not so clearly defined as it now is. It was a common thing to exchange the petty duties of the orderly-room for the responsibilities and opportunities of political work. And such a thought had been quickened within him by the advent of a new friend, Colonel Henry Lawrence. From the very first Lawrence perceived the enormous capabilities of the young officer, and as he came to know him, grasped no less clearly the limitations of his moral character. Battling against the latter, he strove to foster the former. Whether, if he had remained in the Punjab, he would have succeeded in steering his friend past the rocks upon which he eventually split, it would be useless to speculate; but it is improbable that, in the long run, any human power could have saved Hodson from himself. Meantime there was work enough in the north-west for any who had brains and hands to do it, and in the construction of the Lawrence Asylum, Hodson was given a chance of proving his metal. A site and a small army of laborers were found for him, and he was told to get to work. A weaker man might have shrunk from the difficulties of the task; Hodson faced them only to overcome them. His bricks were in the clay at his feet, his doors and window-frames in the first serviceable tree, his bolts and screws in the ore of the nearest mine; he himself was called upon not only to be his own architect, but to teach his

men a dozen trades, not one of which, when he began, he knew more of than they did themselves. Nevertheless the work was done, and done to his chief's satisfaction. But before it was over, the first of those ugly stories with which, to the day of his death, his name was destined to be linked, had got abroad. It was said that in his monetary transactions he had proved unfaithful, and that whilst laboring on behalf of the orphans, he had managed to fill his pockets from the funds subscribed for their benefit. It may as well be at once admitted that the charge rests upon the most unsatisfactory evidence. Against a man of ordinarily fair character it would be hardly fair even to breathe it. But unfortunately Hodson's character is far from being above suspicion. This much, however, is certain, that Lawrence, who, if any man, ought to have known the truth, showed no symptoms of displeasure, but on the contrary exerted himself to obtain for him a post of increased responsibility. Early in October, 1847, Hodson was able to write home, with pardonable pride, that he had been gazetted second in command of the newly raised Corps of Guides.

During the next few months his toils were almost as severe and varied as the labors of Hercules. To his duties as a soldier had been added those of assistant to the agent in the Punjab. Now, with his theodolite in his pocket, he was galloping up and down the Baree Doab; now, exchanging the saddle for the court-house, he was busy disposing of revenue returns and cow-killers; and now, in all the glories of a uniform of his own design, slaving to make the Guides at once the hardest fighters and keenest scouts in India—to teach them, as he said, to wait and see what was coming, instead of at the sight of the first cloud of dust, raised by a native cart on the highway, gallop in, open-mouthed, to report the approach of ten thousand men and one thousand guns. In the midst of these duties he received a sudden order to come into Lahore at once, as he had been selected to accompany Vans Agnew on a special mission to Mooltan. He arrived only to be disappointed. Unable to delay, Vans Agnew had gone on his way, taking with him Anderson as a substitute. Then came a period during which Englishmen's hearts blazed with fury and with pride. Day after day the Kossids, with their red letter bags, panted through the gates of Lahore. Now it was with news of the treachery of Moolraj; now of the murder of Vans Agnew and

Anderson; now of how Herbert Edwardes had sprung like a lion across the Indus, and, with blow upon blow of his paw, swept back the Mooltan hyenas till he had penned them in their den; and lastly, that the Singhs had gathered for the battle, and that the second Sikh War had begun.

Hodson was now in his element. For the work before him he was the heaven-sent instrument. As a mere regimental officer his talents would have been wasted; but as a sort of chief scout, with a roving commission to make it as hot for the enemy as possible, he was simply invaluable. He and his Guides swept over the country like a whirlwind. Parties sent out to intercept him, after possessing their souls in patience for hours, discovered he had passed and gone before another would have arrived. The heat was terrific. Men pressing to the front sat down for a moment or two, whilst their regiment halted to pant, and remained sitting as corpses when their comrades moved on; but Hodson and his wild followers seemed impervious even to fatigue. One day he dashed across the Ravee to "bag" the Ranee; the next, he was thundering in the wake of the fanatics who were flocking to the standard of the Goroo. Then off again at a tangent, circling round the country like an eagle, swooping down on fort after fort, and getting possession of them, till, as a sort of climax, he is found charging a body of one hundred and fifty rebels, at the head of fifteen sowars, and dispersing them after a desperate hand-to-hand encounter. General Wheeler, who commanded the brigade sent in pursuit of Ram Singh, found himself forever making forced marches at the bidding of his indefatigable intelligence officer. At first he was inclined to be angry enough at the indignity of being dragged at the heels of a subaltern, but after a time he learned to appreciate Hodson's services, and co-operated heartily enough in the work of clearing the Doab of the enemy. At last Ram Singh was run to earth and disposed of. Hodson at once set his face for the Chenab. A few weeks later he served on Lord Gough's staff, when that general finally crushed the Khalsa power in the battle of Goojerat.

Hodson's immediate reward for these brilliant services was not encouraging. To use his own expression, it consisted in his being kicked out of the coach altogether. In other words, the Punjab, having been annexed, came under the ordinary regulations of the company's service, and a senior officer was sent to

relieve him at Lahore. For the moment, indeed, it seemed as though he was about to be dismissed once more to the routine duties of the drill sergeant, when Sir Henry Lawrence came once more to the rescue, and obtained for him the appointment of assistant resident at Umritsur. But the campaign had ruined Hodson for civil work. In his office at Umritsur he fumed over the humdrum respectability of his existence, and pined for the saddle and the company of his "dirty, beautiful, rough-and-ready boys," till he fretted himself into a fever, and was carried off by Sir Henry to Cashmere to recruit his health. If Lawrence had ever really believed the rumors in connection with the financial control of the asylum, he now took a strong step. He nominated the alleged defaulter paymaster on his staff. As long as the expedition lasted, all went smoothly. Lawrence wrote enthusiastically concerning his friend. But when the end came, and the accounts were called for, none were forthcoming, nor were repeated demands ever more successful. Time, however, did produce evidence of a compromising character; and Lawrence was forced to admit, sadly enough, to his brother, that henceforth, as far as money was concerned, faith in Hodson must be abandoned.

But Henry Lawrence was not the man to desert a friend because he had proved unfaithful. He recognized that there was gold in the character of Hodson even though it was obscured by baser metal. And, seeing that the uncongenial political work was wearing him out, obtained for him, what had become one of the most coveted posts in the service of the company, the command of the Guides.

It might have been imagined that Hodson's career was now assured. His promotion, however long delayed, had now, on his own admission, come in a form sufficient to compensate for all previous disappointments. And yet, within little more than two years, he was a disgraced man, once more a subaltern engaged in the thankless task of putting the recruits of his company through the graces of the goose-step. What had brought about his fall? The question has been argued so often, and at such length, that it is unnecessary to do more than touch upon its main features. At first everything had gone smoothly. In the border warfare which followed immediately upon his taking up his command, he and his faithful Guides had covered themselves with honor. But when the bivouac upon the

Afredi Hills had been exchanged for station life at Murdan, troubles had begun to fall thick as the northern snows. First had come his quarrels with his officers, then his disputes with his men generally, and the Pathans in particular, and finally those ominous defalcations in the regimental chest, from the exposure of which he had only just been saved by a timely loan from one of his native officers, Bisharut Ali, a name to be remembered. At last the crisis came. John Lawrence, who had succeeded his brother as resident at Lahore, found it impossible any longer to ignore the storm which was raging round the colonel of the Guides. A court of inquiry was ordered, and Hodson was called before it. The charge-sheet was a comprehensive one. It ranged from petty vexations to absolute cruelty, and from swearing at his men to embezzling their pay. The accusations were considered exhaustively. The court pronounced them proved, and the papers were forwarded to Calcutta. Before, however, an answer could be received, Hodson had hopelessly committed himself elsewhere. Linked to the command of the Guides was the charge of the civil district of Euzofzai. This division had of late been rife with outrages by religious fanatics, and Hodson had convinced himself that their chief instigator was one Kader Khan. With him to believe was to act. It never seems to have dawned upon him for a moment that trial should precede sentence. The khan's property was confiscated, and he himself sent down to Peshawur in irons. There, after six months' confinement in the common gaol, he was at last put upon his trial. The case against him at once collapsed, and he was honorably acquitted. Such a result could not be passed over in silence. It was felt that a man with such absolute contempt for justice could not possibly be permitted any longer to administer it. "Hodson's case," wrote Lord Dalhousie, "is as bad as can be, and I have been compelled to remand him to his regiment with much regret, for he is a gallant soldier and an able man."

But if Hodson had caused the skies to fall upon his head, there is no denying he faced the result with splendid fortitude. There were, he declared, three courses open to him — suicide, the service of the enemy, or to make Dalhousie eat his words, and he had chosen the last. His spirit remained uncrushed; and by displaying in the office of quartermaster of his regiment the same energy and ability

he had lavished over the formation of the Guides, he quickly earned the admiration and friendship of his colonel. Meantime, in response to his vigorous demands for an inquiry into the findings of the court which had condemned him, an audit of his late regimental accounts had been undertaken by Major Reynell Taylor. Much capital has been made by Hodson's friends out of the report to which Taylor set his name. It has been described as completely reversing the verdict of the original court. But even accepting its conclusions as exact, a result hotly contested, the simple fact remains that it was a purely financial review, leaving absolutely untouched those other grave charges upon which, malversation apart, Lord Dalhousie had felt constrained to dismiss him from his command. Armed, however, with this document, Hodson proceeded to reopen his case. After a satisfactory interview with the commander-in-chief at Simla, he was preparing to descend upon Calcutta, and heard the governor-general himself, when suddenly the news flashed in from Meerut that the Sepoys had mutinied. Once again Hodson's sun had risen. It was the hour of the soldier — of the soldier cool, daring, even dare-devil. Anson knew his man. Within a week the disgraced subaltern was assistant quartermaster-general on his personal staff. On the 19th of May came the commission to raise that regiment of irregular cavalry, afterwards so well known as Hodson's Horse. Next day he sprang into the mail-cart which was to carry him to Kurnal to begin his famous ride. Such, then, briefly, was the record of Hodson, as known to the officers of the Meerut brigade, when, on that May day in '57, they watched him riding quietly out of the station with General Wilson's despatches in his pocket.

A wild gallop through the Indian night — a running fight with the enemy — a jolt in the Kurnal mail-cart — and, on the evening of the twenty-fifth, Hodson strode into Anson's quarters and delivered his despatches. It was for these the general had waited. The march for Delhi began. Two days later Anson lay dying at Kurnal.

"Barnard," he gasped to that officer as he reached the bedside, "I leave you the command. God bless you. Good-bye."

At last, on the 8th of June, having driven the Sepoys within the city walls, the army of retribution encamped upon the Ridge.

"God," wrote Hodson that night, "has been very good to me. May his gracious protection still be shown."

And then began that wondrous siege for

the event of which, whilst it yet trembled in the balance, every English heart stood still, and which, whenever two Englishmen met, summoned the eager greeting, "What news from Delhi?" Day after day the thousands in the city poured out to do battle with the hundreds on the Ridge; and day after day that handful of English manhood arose, and crushed back the foe into the city of their crime. Ever victorious were the English, but upon the evening of every new victory the thin red line upon the Ridge had grown even more slender than that upon which the morning sun had risen. The fatal climate too was doing its insidious work. General and private were alike one to the cholera fiend. In July Barnard died. A few weeks later General Reed carried his broken constitution to the hills, and Wilson succeeded to the command. Then at last John Nicholson came down to Delhi, and Delhi fell.

To attempt to describe in detail the labors of Hodson during all these changes would be little less than to chronicle the progress of the siege. As assistant-quartermaster, as chief of the intelligence, he was at once the hand and eye of the army, whilst the formation of his new regiment entailed all the duties of a colonel of cavalry. To these was soon added a share in some of the hardest fighting before the city.

On the 9th of June, after one of the most splendid marches recorded in history, the Guides reached Delhi. Amongst the first to welcome them was their old commander. They received him with a perfect ovation. Whether the stories of his oppression had been made the most of, or whether, in the face of the foe, the soldier forgot all save the genius of the leader, may be left to conjecture—at any rate, they now crowded round his horse, clutching at his hands, his dress, his bridle, and filling the air with cries of "Burra Lera! wallah!" (Great in battle!) A week later, leading his men into action, Daly was badly wounded, and at the special request of Barnard, Hodson went once more to command the Guides. Under him the regiment quickly showed of what mettle it was made. Wherever the fight was hottest, wherever the Englishman was pressed, the sword of "Great in battle" came whirling through the fray, and wherever the sword gleamed the Guides followed, with a cheer and a rush that nothing could withstand.

Whatever one man could do towards reboisting the Union Jack over the walls of Delhi, it must be admitted Hodson

did unstintingly, but there were moments when even his spirit despaired of success. If he could have had his own way, the assault would have been delivered before the siege was a week old. In accordance with a plan drawn up by himself and Wilberforce Greathed, the stormers had one night even marched out of the trenches, when the wilful disobedience of one of the commanding officers frustrated everything. Hodson was furious. "I see no chance of taking Delhi," he wrote; "the mismanagement is perfectly sickening." Still he never gave in. Even when fever and bronchitis struck him down, he staggered on foot about the camp, doing his best. It seemed as if he never gave himself time to sleep. But no matter how exhausting his work, he always found energy, before lying down for the night, to dash off one of those vigorous letters in which, in varying chords of tenderness and sternness, he poured out to his wife all that was on his mind. The rumor of Sir Henry Lawrence's death moves him strangely. "God grant," he writes, "for his country's sake and for mine, that it be not true." Hardly less concerned is he at the casualties amongst his men. "My poor gallant Guides! they have suffered severely for their fidelity." Another chord is struck. The news of Cawnpore has reached the camp, and every nerve within him is vibrating with fury: "There will be a day of reckoning for these things, and a fierce one, or I have been a soldier in vain." Again: "If I get into Delhi the house of Timour will not be worth five minutes' purchase, I ween."

If Hodson had allowed his anger to explode in a rhetorical flourish, it would have been all the better for his reputation, but unfortunately, even before Delhi fell, he succeeded in giving proof that he was in grim earnest. One day he received information that a native officer, one Bisharut Ali, had mutinied, and was living with his relatives in a neighboring village. Hodson at once recognized the name. It was the very man who, a few years previously, had lent him the money to make good his defalcations in the treasury of the Guides. Such a discovery should have taught him caution. But no! he was the same old Hodson who had sent Kader Khan in chains to Peshawur. Had he condescended to test his informer, he would have discovered that he was a notorious scoundrel who had been dismissed the service at the instance of Bisharut Ali himself, and that his story was palpably vamped up, seeing that though the victim

was undoubtedly at his village, he was there by order of his commanding officer, Crawford Chamberlain. Instead of that he ordered out his escort, and rushed off to haul the offender to justice. Bisharut Ali's house was stormed, only to find that its owner had left to report himself at Hodson's camp. There he was found, tried at the drum-head, and sentenced to death. Hodson himself fired the first shot. It did not prove fatal. It took a volley from the troopers to atone for his bungling. The man's relatives, including a little lad of twelve, were next killed; and then, with such plunder as they could lay hands on, the executioners rode back to Delhi.

Hodson's action in this instance has been defended on the grounds that Bisharut Ali was a traitor engaged in plotting against the nation whose salt he was eating. And against the latter's defence by Crawford Chamberlain has been set his impeachment by one of the native officers who visited England during the Jubilee. Such an argument, however belated, would, if it had stopped there, have been at least respectable. But its authors saw clearly enough that the stain upon their hero rested less upon the guilt of the victim than upon his relations with his executioner. They were, therefore, forced to go further. Hodson, they continued, whose information was so perfect that he was laughingly declared to know what the king in Delhi had every day for dinner, must have been the best judge of the man's guilt; and, being convinced of it, surely displayed the highest moral courage in seconding his personal feelings to his duty. Now all this is sheer effrontery. Bisharut Ali demanded a fair trial. Common justice, to say nothing of humanity or gratitude, required that he should have been allowed the opportunity of proving his innocence. By carrying him to headquarters Hodson could at once have secured his benefactor this, and avoided the scandal of appearing as his judge. Instead he subjects him to a mock trial, and shoots him with his own hand. Granting every claim for Hodson's devotion to duty, where, either in the letter or spirit of the queen's regulation, is the clause which compels the president of a courtmartial to convert himself into the firing party? The simple truth is, that Hodson acted throughout the whole business with that absolute contempt for human life or feeling which was so ineradicable in his nature. It seemed as though he was fashioned in the likeness

of the little Afghan cat which trotted at his heels about his bungalow, always ready to purr at the touch of the hand it loved, but with nothing save its claws for any other being.

At last the English batteries did their work. On the 14th of September, Nicholson led the stormers into the breach. Whilst the attack lasted, Hodson, as a cavalry officer, was employed in the passive but trying duty of covering the guns under fire. For three mortal hours, amidst a perfect hail of bullets, he sat his horse "as calm and apparently as unconcerned," wrote one who was present, "as the sentries at the Horse Guards." "My escape," he wrote next day to his wife, "was miraculous. May the God of battles continue his gracious protection, and enable me once more to be reunited to all most precious to me on earth."

Again the triple cross floated over the walls of Delhi. Still, with the princes at large, the English success could not be considered complete. But Hodson was on their track. One day he strode into Wilson's quarters, and announced that he had discovered the hiding-place of the king. He came, however, in a spirit of mercy. For some reason, best known to himself, he had put his name to a secret document guaranteeing their lives to the old king and his favorite wife and child, and he was earnest with Wilson to empower him to fulfil his pledge. Of late years it has been suggested that this tenderness was the result of bribery; but as the charge rests upon the construction to be placed upon the non-committal laugh of a Zenana favorite when asked to state the sum he had received, it may be taken for exactly what it is worth. His point gained, he proceeded to execute his task. Taking with him fifty sowars, he galloped out through the ruins, swarming with armed rebels, of what had once been the old city of Delhi, to the tomb of Humayoon, where the king was in hiding. Quickly posting his men, under cover, round the gateway, he sent in word of his arrival. For two weary hours the old man in the tomb wavered between hope of escape and fear to make the attempt, and then bowing to the inevitable, sent to say that he was coming out to surrender. Drawing his sword, Hodson rode coolly out into the dense throng of natives which choked the approaches to the tomb. Slowly, one by one, the royal palkees passed through that splendid gateway, and then in the shadow of the gleaming, soaring domes, which marked the resting-

place of his ancestor, the last of the Moguls bowed his head and delivered up his arms to a British subaltern. The troopers closed round the litters; the word was given to march; and with a threat to the awed multitude that the first symptom of rescue would be the signal for the death of the captives, the solitary white man rode on through the sea of upturned faces. "What have you in those palkees?" shouted the officer of the guard as they passed through the city gates. "Only the king of Delhi!" laughed Hodson, and clattered up the street. That night his name was in everybody's mouth. No enemy, however bitter, could ignore the daring and resource of the man. Before, however, the nine days of wonder were at an end, Hodson had given the camp something further to talk about.

The old king, Hodson himself admitted, had been but a tool in the hands of others. The real culprits were his two elder sons, who had first incited the populace to murder, and then led the way in mutilation, hacking off the limbs of little children, and pressing them, dripping with blood, to the lips of the dead mothers. These young fiends were now in Hodson's toils. He came to Wilson for authority to capture them. To his disgust Wilson hesitated. A passionate appeal from the deathbed of Nicholson at last settled the question. Wilson gave in, stipulating only that, as he had already got the father on his hands, he should not be bothered as to the fate of the sons. And with such a promise, rammed home with the remark that he would much rather have brought the whole family in dead than alive, Hodson went out.

At eight o'clock next morning, with his lieutenant Macdowell and a hundred picked sowars, Hodson rode once more slowly out of Delhi towards the tomb of Humayoon, where the two princes and their cousin had taken sanctuary. Half a mile from it he halted, and having arranged his force so as to make escape impossible, sent in to inform the princes that he had come to take them alive or dead. There was a long wait, and then a messenger came out to know whether, if the princes surrendered, their lives would be spared? Hodson gave his answer in two words, "Unconditional surrender," and the man went back. Another hour passed, an hour and a half. From the distant tomb there arose continuously the hoarse roar of the mob—six thousand strong and armed to the teeth—demanding to be led against the infidel. Then at

last, at the end of two hours, came the welcome news of surrender. Sending forward ten troopers to meet the princes, Hodson drew up the rest across the road. Hardly had he done so when the prisoners, seated in a bullock-cart, surrounded by the escort, and followed by a couple of thousand armed retainers, reached the line.

"Had their lives," they eagerly demanded, "been promised them?"

"Certainly not!" replied Hodson; and, with an order to the escort to get into Delhi as quickly as possible, bade the driver move on. The crowd attempted to follow. Hodson waved it back; whilst Macdowell, wheeling apart his men to allow the cart to pass, re-formed instantly behind it. Hodson gave the word to advance. The troopers moved forward, at a walk, upon the mob. Step by step, yard by yard, they forced it back along the road, till it disappeared through the great archway into the immense garden of the tomb. Under the wall Hodson halted the troop. Then, taking with him Macdowell and four sowars, he rode, revolver in hand, up the marble steps, and reining in his horse, beneath the shadow of the arch, called out to the thousands in front of him to lay down their arms. There was a murmur of anger. Again Hodson thundered out his order. And then, "God knows why," said Macdowell afterwards, "I never can understand it," they began to obey. For two long hours the English officers stood in the garden, whilst, from a thousand hiding-places, the rebels brought out their arms, and piled them in a native cart. At last all was ready. The precious time necessary for the escort to hurry the princes along the road to Delhi had been gained.

"We'll go now!" said Hodson, and, climbing deliberately into his saddle, formed up the troop and moved slowly off. About a mile from the city they came once more in sight of the prisoners. A dense, excited crowd was surging round the cart, the escort of which seemed to be wavering. Hodson turned to Macdowell: "I think," he coolly remarked, "we had better shoot them here; we shall never get them in," and, slackening his reins, he rode at a gallop into the crowd, and ordered the princes to dismount and strip. Then, snatching a carbine from one of his men, he shot them deliberately one by one. That night their bodies were exposed before the Kotwalie in Delhi.

No action of Hodson's whole career has been more hotly assailed than this. The

biographer of Lord Lawrence has termed it "stupid, cold-blooded murder;" and the eminent historian of the mutiny has expressed his unalterable opinion that the men could and should have been brought into Delhi for trial. Hodson's own defence was that the act was compulsory; it was, he declared simply "a question of 'they' or 'us,'" adding, "I am not cruel, but I confess I did rejoice at the opportunity of ridding the earth of these wretches." Now that in shooting the princes with his own hand, Hodson gave yet another proof of his cynical contempt for human life, and his apparent love of helping in the extinction of it, may be pretty safely admitted, but to call it murder is altogether a different thing. Public opinion in the camp justified the deed when it was done. Not only Macdowell, but the native officers present declared that nothing short would have availed. Finally it is hard to avoid a suspicion that, in this particular instance, Hodson has been judged by a standard different from that applied to others of his countrymen in India. Very similar actions have been not only condoned but even praised. It is true that when Neill, previous to hanging the butchers of Cawnpore, forced them, under the lash, to lick the bloodstains of their victims from the floor of their slaughter-house, he had previously gone through the form of having them tried; but not even that can be advanced in defence of Cooper, when, after executing two hundred and thirty-seven mutineers out of a batch of two hundred and eighty-two, the balance of forty-five having been previously accidentally suffocated in their prison, he borrowed Nana Sahib's idea of a burying-ground, with the grim pleasantry that "there was a well at Cawnpore, but there was also one at Ujalla."

Few men left Delhi with a more enhanced reputation than Hodson. His name occurred repeatedly in the despatches. His daring and resource were the talk of every mess tent. The worn-out soldiers in the lines would spring with alacrity to "attention" at the sight of his picturesque figure, in its khakee tunic, brown riding-boots, and scarlet sash and turban.

"There goes that 'ere Hodson," shouted one of them once, "he's sure to be in everything; he'll get shot, I know he will, and I'd a deal rather be shot myself; we can't do without him."

His ability had so struck John Nicholson that if that hero had been spared Hodson would have had him in the immediate

future for his chief. Death, however, intervened; and he was attached instead to the column sent out under Showers to clear the neighboring country. The results proved insignificant. The brigadier belonged to that deliberate, easy-going school so abhorrent to such a man as Hodson, who was only too glad when the column was broken up, and he and horsemen transferred to the command of that dashing and capable officer, Colonel Thomas Seaton. The two men were well known to one another. Hodson had nursed Seaton, when he was struck down, during the great siege, with all the passionate tenderness of which, when they were once roused, his affections were capable; and in return, Seaton had developed for him one of those splendid friendships against which the wave of evil report shatters itself in vain. "He is a soldier of the highest class," he now wrote in applying for Hodson's services, "I would rather have him than five hundred more men." His confidence was not misplaced. Never was Hodson's ability more conspicuous than on the march to Cawnpore. He was the first to find the enemy and the last to leave them; he seemed to revel in their destruction. At Gungere he rolled up their cavalry at the head of his "Flamingoes;" at Puttiale he pursued the elephant of the Hakim through the village, and across the gardens and fields, till he dragged its rider from his silver howdah, and slew him on the ground, and then rode back to camp, for seven miles, along a trail of victims. Doubling back to Gungere, he caught a notorious rebel, Jowahir Sing, and his son. The son taken red-handed, with the unhealed wounds of the late fight upon him, was despatched at once; the father tried, condemned, and blown from a gun. At last, by the 27th of December, the column had fought its way up to Mynpooree. Next day information came in that Sir Colin had left Cawnpore, and was encamped some forty miles off. To open communication with him was imperative; but whilst the road was closed to Europeans, no native could be found to run the risk — a fact not surprising, seeing that the last who did so had been found hung by the heels over a fire, with his nose cut off. The man, however, who had carried Anson's despatches into Meerut was at Seaton's elbow. He was one who had imbibed to the full the Frenchman's motto, "Audacity, audacity, always audacity," and who for his country's cause counted his life as naught. He at once

offered to make the attempt with Macdowell. At first Seaton hesitated to expose his friend to such fearful risk, but the information was urgently required, and he at last consented. After all, he said, "if those two are not sharp enough to dodge the black fellows, why the devil is in it."

At six o'clock next morning, with an escort of seventy-five sabres, they set out on their perilous journey. Fourteen miles from camp, at the village of Bewar, they left fifty of their men, and pushed on for Chibberamon, fourteen miles further on. There the remaining troopers were posted, and the two white men rode on alone. As they left the village they were waylaid by a native beggar. Thoughtlessly enough, Hodson threw the man some money, and galloped on. At last Goorsahaingunge appeared in sight. It was here they had expected to find Sir Colin. Instead they received the alarming information that whilst his camp was fifteen miles further on, that of the rebels was within two. There was no time for hesitation. Pushing forward as fast as their weary horses could carry them, they reached the English lines at four o'clock, having ridden fifty-seven miles in ten hours. Hodson was warmly received by Sir Colin. No man was better able than that splendid soldier to appreciate the daring service he had rendered. From that moment until the end came he had no warmer friend. "It is an insufferable impertinence," roared out the old soldier when it was reported to him that a certain staff officer had led the "Flamingoes" in a charge outside Lucknow. "Look at my friend Hodson here, does he look like a man that needs 'leading'? I should like to see the fellow who'd presume to talk of 'leading' that man!"

That evening Hodson and Macdowell dined at the chief's table. At eight o'clock their horses were brought round, and they started on their return journey. It was a bright but bitterly cold, moonlight night. Goorsahaingunge was reached without adventure. Leaving it behind them, they rode rapidly forward upon the second stage. Seven miles were completed. Another seven, and they would be once more in safety amongst their own men. Suddenly a figure sprang into the roadway, and holloed to them to stop. It was the beggar to whom a few hours previously Hodson had given alms. His story was soon told. Hardly had they left Chibberamon that morning, before a body of rebels, two thousand strong, who had seen

them depart, had attacked it, driven out their sowars, and were encamped on the outskirts awaiting their return. The predicament was a nice one. It was midnight; their horses were tired; the road before them was held by the enemy; the camp they had left twenty-two miles in their rear. But Hodson was not a man to hesitate; his decision was made in an instant. "We'll try and get through," he said, "at the worst we can gallop back!" Taking their horses on to the soft strip of earth which borders an Indian road, they pushed cautiously forward. At last the houses came in sight. "There they are!" whispered their guide, pointing to a garden on the right. The hum of the camp broke distinctly upon their ears. Still they held on unperceived. Slowly and silently they led their horses through the sleeping village. They passed the corpse of one of their troopers, lying stark and ghastly in the brilliant moonlight, and reached the open in safety. There, after warmly thanking their faithful guide, and pressing him to join them in the morning, they sprang into their saddles and rode for their lives. It was two o'clock when they galloped into Bewar, where they found a detachment which Seaton had sent out to look for them. "By George, Mac!" cried Hodson, as he flung himself down on a charpoy, "I would give a good deal for a cup of tea." A minute later he was asleep.

Next morning Seaton marched in with his whole column, and after a few days' rest, pressed forward again to join the army which Sir Colin was mustering at Futtehghur for the capture of Lucknow. Here Hodson found himself attached to one of the finest brigades in India, the brigade commanded by that splendid soldier, Adrian Hope. Under that general he took part in the action of Shumshabad, when the "Horse" got roughly handled. Charging well in advance of the line, they found themselves enveloped in a cloud of native cavalry, and when they cut their way out, poor Macdowell's saddle was empty, and Hodson's sword-arm slashed in two places. It was the first time, in all his hundred fights, his luck had deserted him. "Absit omen," he wrote, a few days later, in a letter scrawled with his left hand for his wife.

Travelling in a buggy driven by Colonel Burn, "a pleasant, intelligent, and warm-hearted companion," Hodson followed the army as it marched on Lucknow. Burn is said to have noticed that the invalid had with him "several boxes, besides his or-

dinary baggage;" and these boxes are said to have been declared by "the officer whose duty it was to examine his effects, after his death," to contain "the booty he had amassed during the campaign." When, however, his effects were handed over to Colonel Napier, these boxes had disappeared. It is all very well to say that his loot had in turn been looted, but how that was possible after it had been overhauled by the officer appointed for that purpose, and before it reached Napier's quarters, during all of which time it was under a guard, requires some explanation.

His letters to his wife during the next few weeks present a panorama of all that moved him during those days of inaction. Now he is grieving over the death of "poor Mac, a brilliant soldier, a true friend, a thorough gentleman;" now gladdening her eyes with the praises of the chief and Adrian Hope, or the story of how the men of the "Carbineers," who had ridden with him under Seaton's command, had sent a deputation 'to condole with him on his wound—"a thing more gratifying to me than any mention in despatches." Then comes the news that he is once again in the saddle; descriptions of his meetings with Outram and with Napier. "Our friend Napier, God bless him! I do love him dearly." Lucknow is at last reached, the great fight has begun, the neck of the rebellion is broken, the homecoming in sight. But the very name of the place has filled her with sad forebodings; he hastens to reassure her—"the Horse will have little to do with the assault. Hope on bravely now as ever, until the end, which must be very soon." And indeed the end was nigh. "Just as I sit down to write—it is the 11th of March—comes an order to move our camp. If anything occurs I will get Colonel Napier or Norman to send you a service telegram." Those were the last words he ever wrote.

Having given orders for his men to strike their tents, Hodson rode off to find a suitable spot for the new encampment. As he proceeded he heard the boom of the signal gun which announced that the "Begum Kotee," a huge range of palaces and courtyards, surrounded by a breastwork, was on the point of being assaulted. Galloping down to Banks' House, he found the 93rd, and the 4th Punjaub Rifles, those old companions in many a glorious fight, falling in, under Adrian Hope, for the attack. Quickly dismounting, he pressed forward to the batteries,

where Napier, glass in hand, was watching eagerly the result of every discharge upon the breach. In a moment he was beside his friend. "I am come," he said, with his usual cheery laugh, "to take care of you." The last mass of earth had been shaken into the ditch. Napier shut down his glass, and sent word to Hope that the breach was practicable. The huge Highlander gave the word. "Come on, 93rd!" shouted their commander; and, led by Hope, the whole mass of flying tartans and turbans shot across the open, and leapt, with a thundering cheer, into the breach. "It was," said Colin Campbell afterwards, "the sternest struggle which occurred during the siege." At first the numbers of the enemy held them at bay. But nothing could resist the fire of the attack. Eleven of the Sepoys fell beneath the claymore of McBean alone. Sikh and Highlander vied with one another to eclipse his glory. Quarter was neither asked nor given. And when at last the defenders faltered and fled, six hundred of their comrades lay dead behind the walls.

As soon as the breach was won, Napier and Hodson followed the stormers into the palace. Desperate fighting was still going on inside, and in the *mêlée* they were quickly separated. Numbers of the rebels had sought safety in the rooms which opened off the arcades of the buildings, and so dark were these that it had been found necessary to dislodge the refugees by means of powder-bags. Pushing through the crowd, Hodson came across a couple of Highlanders, who told him that a party of their regiment had been stopped by one of these sanctuaries, and that they had been sent back for powder. Drawing his sword, he made straight for the place. "Where are the rebels?" he shouted as he came up. The officer in charge pointed to a gaping doorway. He immediately rushed for it. "Don't," cried out the other, "it is certain death; wait for the powder." Then, seeing his words unheeded, he stretched out his arm in order to enforce them. He was too late. There was a flash, a report of two or three muskets; and Hodson staggered and fell to the ground. "Oh, my wife!" was all he could ejaculate; then he was choked with blood. His orderly, an enormous Sikh, picked him up in his arms, and carried him out of danger, whilst the Highlanders turned their attention to the rebels and bayoneted every soul.

He passed the night in agony in Banks'

House, and all through the long hours his friend Anderson, the surgeon of his regiment, lay beside him on the floor, holding his hand and striving to ease his pain; whilst every moment that could be spared from the trenches found Napier at his pillow. When the day dawned he rallied rapidly. The bleeding ceased, and it seemed that his life might be spared. The hope proved vain. At ten o'clock the hæmorrhage set in again. Recovery, Anderson told him, was impossible. He at once sent for Napier. His thoughts turned to home. "Let Susie go to England as soon as possible," he whispered, as he grasped his friend's hand. "I leave everything to her." "I should like to have seen the end of the campaign, and to have returned to England to see my friends, but it has not been permitted. I trust I have done my duty." An hour or so later, without a struggle, apparently without pain, the spirit of the man whose life on earth had ever been one great battle, passed away "to where beyond these voices there is peace."

He was buried that evening in the gardens of the Martiniere. The commander-in-chief and the whole of the headquarters staff stood by the grave. When all was over it was noticed that the old soldier's eyes were filled with tears. "I have lost one of the finest officers in the army," he said as he walked away.

FREDERICK DIXON.

From Murray's Magazine.
MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.
AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SIR GEORGE IS VERY FIRM.

It is a pity that our defective memory prevents us from realizing how much we understood in our childhood. Most of us are disposed to assume that children know no more than we are pleased to tell them, and thus we debar ourselves from the sympathy of the most sympathetic class in the community. Flossie Archdale, however, was what is somewhat inappropriately termed an "old-fashioned" child—that is to say, she had associated almost exclusively with her seniors—so that Willie was not very much astonished to find that she fully appreciated the nature of his position.

"I'm so glad you're not going away," she said to him in the most matter-of-course tone in the world. "Lady Evelyn doesn't really like Mr. Mortimer half as well as she likes you—I know she doesn't, because I asked her. But, if you left Torquay now, she would think you didn't like her at all."

This acute student of men and things further opined that in the abstract there could be no sort of comparison between Mr. Mortimer and her half-brother, the advantages possessed by the former being solely due to the facts that he had been first in the field and that he was supported by Lady Wetherby. She recommended Willie to call without delay at Malton Lodge, and although he laughed at her, telling her that she was talking about matters beyond the comprehension of little girls, he neither spurned her partisanship nor despised her counsel. After all, he did owe Lady Wetherby a visit. So, one afternoon, he performed the duty required of him by social usages, and was rewarded by hearing that their ladyships had gone out sailing with Mr. Mortimer.

He handed his card to the butler and walked away, feeling a good deal more despondent than the circumstances warranted. That the ladies should be yachting on a fine afternoon was not very surprising or very significant; but it sounded to him like an intimation that he might have spared himself the trouble of calling upon them. Everything, no doubt, was settled, everything had probably been settled long ago; and what could be more ridiculous than to imagine that an infant like Flossie was in the secret of Lady Evelyn's preferences? Well, he had never been sanguine, nor had he ever had any excuse for being so. Through no fault of his own a heavy affliction had fallen upon him; but he said to himself, as he walked away, that he would bear it like a man. As a general rule, irremediable afflictions are bravely borne for the simple reason that they must be borne; people who have gone blind or who have lost a limb do not sit in the corner and sob, because it is obvious that such behavior cannot better their position, while it is a source of annoyance to those about them. Willie reminded himself that success in love is not the only kind of success which lends brightness to existence; he had his profession and the prospect of many glorious and exciting moments when hounds were running; he had health and a sufficient income and a few good friends. A man who refuses to be satisfied with so many

blessings must be unreasonably exacting; but the truth is, that a man who is in love is always unreasonably exacting, and our poor hero could get no farther than to resolve that at least he would not whimper over his sorrows. And if these were likely to be rendered rather more acute by this enforced lingering upon the scene of his discomfiture, there was no help for that. It was something to feel that his presence alleviated the hardships of his mother's lot, and apparently there was no great danger of his being often called upon to walk in the triumphal procession of his rival.

He had therefore quite made up his mind to suffer in silence, when he received a letter from his uncle, which not only offered him a loophole for escape but seemed to make it imperative that he should avail himself thereof.

"Your aunt," wrote Sir George, "wishes me to say that she would be grateful to you if you would come to us at once. She has been, and still is, seriously — though I trust not dangerously — ill, and I hope you will agree with me that the wishes of an invalid of her age are not to be lightly disregarded. I do not ask that you should stay long with us; I only beg, in her name as well as my own, that you should pay your visit to us now, instead of later in the year, and I may tell you that the doctors are unanimous in assuring me that your aunt's recovery depends to a great extent upon your consenting to oblige us. She is in a very low, nervous condition, I am sorry to say; otherwise I should not have requested you to alter your plans on our account."

There was no resisting that. Lady Brett's illness might not be of a very alarming character, but then again it might be, and in any case it would be rather unfeeling on her nephew's part to disappoint her. This was what Willie felt, and he was sorry to find that his mother did not at all share his view.

"That is all rubbish," Marcia declared when she had been made acquainted with the contents of Sir George's letter; "they only want, as they always have wanted, to separate you from me. Of course, if you choose to play into their hands, you can do so; only I hope you will give them to understand that at least you are not their dupe. Caroline has been more or less upon her deathbed ever since I first knew her, and I haven't a doubt that she will be still dying after I have been laid in my grave."

"She really is ill," said Willie apolo-

getically; "I don't believe she would be alive now if she hadn't been taken great care of, and I think I ought to go when she asks me." He added after a momentary hesitation: "Aunt Caroline has her faults, but she has always been very kind to me."

"Oh, well — go, then!" returned Marcia, with an impatient laugh. "I know quite well what you mean — I haven't treated you as a mother ought to have done and she has been so good as to replace me. I always knew that your simplicity would lead you to that conclusion, which isn't altogether false, when all is said and done. Nevertheless, if you had thought a little more about it, you might have understood that I haven't been quite free to consult my own inclinations through these long, weary years."

Willie made the reply that he was expected to make, but adhered to his resolution. Certainly he was anxious to leave Torquay for a time; yet it was not for that reason that he had decided to obey the summons conveyed to him, nor did he propose to be absent for more than a fortnight. It seemed probable that before his return Lady Evelyn's engagement would be formally announced; after which his position would, he thought, be less painful. But, however that might be, he could not have found it in his heart to distress his aunt, who, as he truly said, had always been very kind to him.

Lady Brett, in reality, had defects from which some of us happen to be exempt, while she possessed good qualities which are perhaps a little less common than they are generally supposed to be. Narrow-minded, bigoted, and unamiable, she was nevertheless strictly conscientious. She habitually did what she conceived to be her duty; she never wittingly told a falsehood; she was a good hater, she was a staunch friend, and she loved her nephew better than anybody else in the world, not excepting her husband. If she was eager to withdraw her nephew from what she imagined to be malignant influences, it would be as unreasonable to blame her for that as to blame a color-blind man for confusing red and green. It is not everybody whose eyes are clear enough to discern things as they are, nor are any of us over ready to accept the evidence of other people's senses. So, when Willie reached Blaydon, and was shown into the library, where his aunt was lying upon a sofa near the fire, with an eider-down quilt over her knees, the first thing that she said to him, after returning some reassuring re-

pies to his inquiries after her health, naturally was, —

"I hope your mother has not bewitched you, Willie; she used to be rather clever at bewitching men in days gone by, I remember. To be sure she was comparatively young then."

"She is my mother, you know," said Willie.

"Oh, yes — and she has a grievance. I have thought it all over, and I have tried to make every allowance for her; we must forgive others if we hope to be forgiven. Still I cannot acquit her of heartlessness, and I cannot believe that she cares for you as we do. However, your own good sense must be your guide. How many days do you intend to bestow upon us?"

Willie answered that he had formed no plans; his time was his own, and he wished to dispose of it, if he could, in such a manner as to content everybody. He would, no doubt, be expected to go back to Torquay, but personally he was not desirous of returning very soon. And when his aunt questioned him as to how he had employed himself there he did not mind telling her that he had fallen in with an old schoolfellow who had taken him out yachting, together with some other friends of his childhood, whom he mentioned by name.

Lady Brett was not much interested in Mr. Mortimer; but she pricked up her ears on being informed that Lady Evelyn Foljambe, whom she recollected to have seen as a child, had developed into a beautiful, clever, and charming woman, and a very mild process of cross-examination sufficed to let her into a secret which the guileless Willie had every intention of keeping to himself.

"You must not be too much afraid of this Mr. Mortimer," she said calmly at length. "As far as money goes — and of course it does go a long way — you are his equal, and I am sure you are superior to him in other respects."

"Oh, there's no question of that," answered Willie, somewhat red and confused, yet not altogether sorry to have been found out. "I think Lady Evelyn is going to marry Mortimer; but I really don't know. As for me, I don't suppose she would care a straw if she never saw me again."

Lady Brett laughed. "You are much too modest, my dear boy," said she; "you will have to go back to Torquay and try your luck. I wanted you to come here because — well, it was perfectly true that I was ill and that I might have died; but

perhaps I had other reasons as well. However, I don't so much mind your going back now that I know what the attraction is; only there is one thing that I want to impress upon you, Willie — you must not lend more money to Mr. Archdale. Your uncle feels very strongly upon the subject; he has said to me more than once that he would never permit such a thing."

Willie made no reply. He had not lent money to Mr. Archdale, but to his mother, and he intended, if his mother should request him to do so, to lend her money again. Still there was no need to proclaim his intentions or to assert an independence which his uncle, after all, had no power to curtail. In his simplicity he did not perceive what Lady Brett had understood at once, namely, that the hope of forming an aristocratic alliance would cause Sir George to overlook many acts of quasi-insubordination.

He was therefore both pleased and surprised by the extreme amiability of his uncle's manner during dinner. The old gentleman, who had not ceased with advancing years to take an active share in the management of the bank, had arrived from London by a late train and had had a talk with his wife which had given him satisfaction.

"Well, my boy," said he, "I'm glad to have you at home once more, even if it isn't to be a long visit this time. It's dreary work sitting down to dinner all alone every evening, and I'm afraid I shall hardly get your aunt into the dining-room again this year. And how are things going on in the regiment? Do the Plymouth people do their duty in providing you with plenty of amusement?"

This question was in itself evidence of unwonted good humor, for Sir George had always professed the deepest disdain for everything connected with a soldier's life in time of peace, and had affected to consider the regiment to which his nephew belonged quite beneath notice. Now, however, he listened with a condescending show of interest to what Willie had to tell him about military matters and about such hunting as seemed likely to be obtainable in the far west. It was not until the servants had left the room that he drew his chair up to the fireside and started a subject of greater importance.

"So, young man," he began, "you've been losing your heart, I hear. Well, it's better to do that than to lose your head, as, upon my word, I think you were in some danger of doing a short time ago. A fool and his money are soon parted;

but I don't call a man a fool for falling in love, because that is what no human being can help."

Sir George thought it necessary to qualify this generous admission by pointing out that a man who falls in love may be guilty of great folly, but that he is not so when the object of his affections happens to be an earl's daughter. And as for Willie's modest protestations, he would have none of them.

"Oh, rubbish!" he exclaimed. "Who is this man Mortimer that you should bow down before him? Nothing but a country gentleman; which is what you yourself will be. With a larger income than his too, I dare say—unless you misbehave yourself. You will be a poorer-spirited fellow than I take you for, Willie, if you give in to him without making a fight for it."

Willie's self-confidence was not greatly strengthened by this and other speeches couched in a similar strain of encouragement, but it was a relief to be spared any allusion to his mother and a still greater relief to know that no opposition would be raised against his ultimate return to Devonshire. For it need scarcely be said that his absurd anxiety to quit Torquay had been followed by an equally absurd longing to revisit the scene of his disappointment.

"I have asked some of the neighbors to come over and shoot on Thursday," Sir George announced presently. "Perhaps I may give myself a holiday and look on. I shall not take out a gun, because, as you know, I am worse than useless; but I shall look to you to maintain the credit of the family."

Sir George had an idea that a host ought, if possible, to bring down more birds than his guests. All hosts are not of that opinion; but some perhaps are not sorry if, at the end of the day, they can show that, in spite of having taken the worst places, they can claim to have made the heaviest bag. So, on the following Thursday, he was secretly delighted by the success of his nephew, who, without being a first-rate shot, was nevertheless a good deal better than any of his rivals. There are, as everybody knows, days on which it seems impossible to miss and other days on which it seems just as impossible to touch a feather. Probably what made Willie shoot so well was that he had not the slightest desire to distinguish himself. He aimed and fired mechanically; he was not thinking, except for a moment at a time, about pheasants or

hares; and so, as not unfrequently happens, he achieved renown without any conscious striving after it. In the luncheon-hut (Sir George always provided his neighbors with a hot luncheon, accompanied by champagne), he was made a little uncomfortable by his uncle's ill-concealed triumph, which, as the afternoon progressed, reached an uncontrollable pitch.

"That fellow," Sir George confided to a squire of the vicinity, "can do anything in the world that he chooses to give his mind to; the only thing that stands in his way is his diffidence. I confess that I should have liked to put him into the bank, but, perhaps, after all, it's as well as it is. He'll soon get tired of soldiering and settle down to a country life—for which I think he is adapted. He's a pretty fair hand at field-sports, as you see, and he won't lack the means to indulge his tastes—he won't lack the means."

The elderly gentleman to whom this crow was addressed, and who was out of temper by reason of having just brought down a runner, answered: "I suppose you know your own business best; but, if I had a nephew who was likely to succeed me, I shouldn't be in any hurry to make him drop his profession. Sport is all very well; but young fellows ought to have work as well."

"Oh, I'm quite aware of that," rejoined Sir George, not a whit disconcerted; "I shan't ask Willie to resign his commission until he marries. After that, the management of the estate will give him sufficient occupation. You can't expect a lady to follow the drum."

Indeed he was so pleased by the notion of pressing a lady of title to his avuncular bosom that he refused to believe in the obstacles which Willie instanced while they walked homewards together in the twilight.

"My good fellow," said he, "you can win if you are determined to win; all depends upon that. Look at me! I never had the half of your advantages; yet all my life through I have gained everything that I have resolved to gain. Don't tell me that it is an easier thing to hit a rock-eting pheasant than to conquer a girl's heart; I've lived long enough to know better than that. I grant you that Lady Wetherby will want to know what your prospects are. Well, you may tell her from me that they aren't very much worse than Mr. Mortimer's. I've looked him up in the Landed Gentry, and I can form a pretty

shrewd guess at the relation which his rent-roll bears to his income."

"I don't think Lady Wetherby will ever have occasion to inquire about my prospects," answered Willie, smiling and shaking his head; "but, if she did, I should have to tell her that they were very doubtful, shouldn't I? At least, that is what you have always given me to understand."

Sir George walked on for some little distance in silence. When he once more opened his lips it was to deliver what had all the appearance of being a carefully weighed statement.

"A boy," said he, "may turn out well or badly. When that boy is not one's own son, one does not, unless one is an idiot, undertake to leave him a fortune which has been amassed by many years of hard work. But you are no longer a boy; your character is formed, and, if you have not always acted precisely as I should have wished you to act, you have given me no fair cause to complain of you. I think you ought now to know that you will inherit all I possess, subject, of course, to such provision as I have made for your aunt's maintenance in the event of her surviving me. There is, I believe, one thing, and only one, which will induce me to alter my will. What that is, you are already aware."

"That one thing," observed Willie, "is just what may occur at any time."

"It *must* not occur," returned Sir George, stopping short and stamping his foot emphatically on the moist ground. "I think you will allow, Willie, that I have never played the tyrant with you. When you were under age and subject to my control, I thought it right to separate you from your mother, and to that arrangement she saw fit to consent. When you became your own master I did not, because I could not, forbid you to meet her; only I foresaw and I warned you what the result would be. My apprehensions have been fully verified. I understand that it is not easy to refuse a loan of a hundred pounds to your mother when she states that she is in want; yet you will have to refuse; for, if you don't, you may depend upon it that it will not be an hundred nor a thousand pounds that will satisfy her. Give way at the outset and these leeches will fasten upon you and fatten upon you until you or they die. You are a young man, so you don't believe me, I dare say; but perhaps I, who am old, know the human race a little better than you do."

"I think you are unjust to my mother,"

said Willie, who could not deny that the remainder of Sir George's speech was reasonable enough.

"It may be so. I cannot forget your mother's history, and it is possible that I am prejudiced against a woman who has grossly insulted me, who was a bad wife to my brother, and whom I regard as having been the cause of his death. But, whether I am just or unjust to her, I am not likely to be mistaken as to the manner in which she and her spendthrift of a husband will act. They shall not have the squandering of my fortune, that is certain. In a word, my boy, you must make your choice between them and me. And let me remind you, that if you haven't the moral courage to say no when the next demand is made upon your purse, you will lose something more than a fortune. Lady Wetherby's jointure will die with her; she will not marry her daughter to a man who has only a small income of his own and a mother dependent upon him. Don't answer me; but put that all in your pipe and smoke it. Now, if you please, we'll drop the subject; I hope and trust that there will never be any need for us to reopen it."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A FRIENDLY WARNING.

SIR GEORGE BRETT must be allowed such merit as may be implied in the possession of sound common sense. He cherished, no doubt, an invincible grudge against Marcia; but he had not misread Archdale's character, and, if the danger of his very large fortune being dissipated by that thriftless gentleman was somewhat remote, nothing was more probable than that extensive inroads would eventually be made upon it if Willie's disposition to play into his stepfather's hands were not nipped in the bud. And with that end in view Sir George had acted sensibly, saying neither too much nor too little, and impressing his nephew with a certain feeling of respect for him. Having fired his shot, he left well alone, nor did the name of Archdale pass his lips again during the remainder of Willie's visit. It was by his suggestion that that visit was brought to an end at the expiration of something under a fortnight.

"Now, my boy," he said good humoredly one morning (for indeed he had continued to be in the best of humors all this time), "I know your heart is in Torquay, and you had better let your body follow it. Your aunt is gaining strength again now, and she is satisfied with the

glimpse that she has had of you, and so am I. Old folks mustn't attempt to compete with beautiful young ladies. So be off as soon as you please, and good luck go with you! You may tell Lady Wetherby that she needn't feel any delicacy about writing to me and asking questions. I shall be glad to give her the fullest information, and I don't think she will find my replies unsatisfactory."

It was useless to reason with this confident old gentleman, and, in spite of himself, Willie could not help being to some extent infected by his sanguine spirit. Naturally, he did not look at the matter from his uncle's standpoint. He did not believe that the fact of his prospects being as good as Mortimer's would weigh for one moment with Lady Evelyn; yet that fact might very possibly have weight with her mother, and he had suspected all along that Lady Evelyn, being in love with nobody, was willing, out of sheer indifference, to marry the man of her mother's choice. But, after all, it was not a fact that his prospects were as assured as Mortimer's. On the contrary, it was quite plain that they would be worth very little unless he was prepared to throw his mother overboard; and this led him to ask himself what he really intended to do with regard to his mother. It was a difficult question, which gave him ample food for reflection during his long journey westwards. Sir George, it might be assumed, was not far out in his prognostications. There would soon be a further request for money, followed by other requests—not, perhaps, for hundreds or thousands, but for such small sums as ladies who have to pay the tradespeople and whose husbands are of an extravagant disposition are apt to stand in need of. Could he turn a deaf ear to requests of that kind? He hardly thought that he could, although he realized the futility of acceding to them and the long price that he might be called upon to pay for his weakness. He could not bring himself to say to his mother, "It is out of the question for me to help you; because, if I do, I shall imperil my chance of becoming a rich man some day." So the only result at which he arrived was a forlorn hope that he might not be placed between the horns of the inevitable dilemma and a pardonable indignation against Archdale, who might have been earning a sufficient income, but was too lazy to do it.

His stepfather, as it chanced, was the first person to greet him on his arrival at

Torquay. As his fly turned in at the gates of the villa the indistinct forms of two gentlemen who had walked up the hill behind him emerged from the semi-darkness, and it was Archdale's mellow voice that said,—

"So here you are again, Brett! Delighted to see you, though I suppose I mustn't flatter myself that I am the magnet which has drawn you back to this dreary hole."

"How do you do?" answered Willie. He did not like the man, and he fancied that his tone had an ironical inflection which was, to say the least of it, uncalled for.

Mr. Archdale's companion now advanced, holding out a plump hand. By the light of the gas-lamp in the porch he was seen to be fat, elderly, grey-haired, and a little out of breath by reason of the ascent which he had just made.

"You don't remember me," he remarked. "Well, it would be strange if you did, though I remember you well enough, and we used to be pretty good friends once upon a time. Have you forgotten that evening when we thought you had drowned your mother in the Lago Maggiore, and Archdale wanted to eat you up, body and bones? He wanted to eat me up the next morning, though goodness knows I had no hand in spiriting the pair of you away. Well, times are changed; I dare say he wouldn't quarrel with an old friend about such a trifle as that nowadays."

"I don't think you have changed much, Mr. Drake," answered Willie, laughing; "I should have recognized you in another minute."

But Mr. Drake, besides being a dozen years older, was in other respects an altered man. By great good luck he had come into an unexpected inheritance which sufficed to make his bachelor existence comfortable; and this, as was only natural, had exercised a sobering influence upon him. He no longer borrowed money of good-natured friends; his waist had become enlarged by several inches; he was on the committee of his club; he had ceased to play whist, except for sixpenny points; he went to church twice on Sundays and led a blameless, useless, contented sort of life. It must, however, be added, to his credit, that he did not ignore favors received in past years and that he had accepted Mr. Archdale's invitation to run down to Torquay for a day or two in spite of certain reasons that he had for wishing to decline that civility.

Willie thought him a pleasant old gentleman enough, and was by no means sorry to have his company at dinner and through the evening. For his mother was in one of her most jealous and suspicious moods, and kept putting questions to him which he could not conveniently answer. What had the George Bretts said about her? Why had they consented to let him leave them? Was Caroline really ill or only shamming? It was difficult for a young man who desired to tell nothing but the truth, yet not the whole truth, to reply to such queries, and the presence of Mr. Drake was some safeguard against their being pushed too far. He himself would fain have made a few inquiries, but he did not venture to do so, nor was any information volunteered about Lady Wetherby and her belongings. He had to comfort himself with the thought that no news is good news, and that, if Lady Evelyn had been engaged to Mortimer, the circumstance would surely have been considered worthy of mention.

After breakfast, the next morning, he was wandering round the garden, trying to keep a cigarette alight in the teeth of a gusty wind, when he was joined by Mr. Drake, and it soon became evident that that gentleman had something more to say than that the weather was abominable, and that London, after all, was far and away the best place to be in while leaves were falling and south-westerly gales roaring in from the Atlantic every other day.

"Has our friend Archdale spoken to you at all about his affairs?" he inquired, after the above topics had been pretty well exhausted.

"No," answered Willie, "he hasn't yet. Are his affairs in a bad way?"

Mr. Drake shook his head. "Between you and me," said he, "I'm afraid they *are* in a bad way — in a deuced bad way. You aren't his son, so I hope you won't take offence at my speaking plainly about him, and the plain truth is that Archdale isn't fit to be trusted with a shilling. If he goes on like this, he'll be in the Bankruptcy Court before he's much older. I don't mean to say that he's dishonest or that he can help being what he is; perhaps he can't. But I ask you, what's the use of lending money to a man who simply chucks it out of window and goes on living beyond his income as gaily as ever? One would be a fool to do such a thing even if one were a rich man — which I am not."

"Has he asked you to lend him money?" inquired Willie.

"Well, yes, he has. And I've done it too — more than once. I don't mind telling you that in old days it was the other way about. I was a poor devil then, and he helped me out of difficulties; and the least that I could do, after I got possession of a little money of my own, was to repay him and to oblige him with a loan when he asked me. Still there are limits, you know. The moment that I read his letter, begging me to come down here, I guessed how it would be, and last night I had to meet him with a flat refusal. Not very pleasant; but what can one do? Dash it all! I ain't a gold mine."

"I should have thought my mother's income and his own would have been sufficient to pay all the expenses of their present style of living," observed Willie, somewhat perturbed.

"My dear fellow, as far as I can make out, your mother has next to no income at all; her capital seems to have melted, and as for their present style of living, which Archdale calls "pigging it," it's quite another thing from the style in which they used to live abroad, I can tell you. The fact is that Archdale has behaved like a perfect idiot. I believe his pictures don't sell as well as they once did; but if they fetched £5,000 apiece it would be the same story. As soon as his purse is full he must needs empty it. I suppose it's his nature to be like that, just as it's his nature to be perpetually making a fool of himself about women."

"Does he do that?" asked Willie quickly.

"Oh, not to any criminal extent; but there's always a flirtation going on. There always was, and I should think there always will be, if he lives to be a hundred. It used to vex your mother; I don't know whether it vexes her still. However, what I wanted to say to you was this: I understand that you're well off and likely to be better off, and Archdale is bound to apply to you sooner or later. Well, if I were in your place, I wouldn't oblige him — I wouldn't really. It sounds an unfriendly sort of thing to say, but I'm persuaded that there's no good in trying to help a man of his stamp. As for me, I shall hook it. I've had letters this morning which compel me to return to London at once," added Mr. Drake, with a smile and a wink.

It was impossible to be angry with the man, for there could be no doubt that he meant kindly; but the humor of his admonition (which saves so many admonitions from being hopelessly stupid and

impertinent) was lost upon Willie, who did not know that Mr. Drake had in former times been one of the most barefaced beggars in England, and who parted from his counsellor with a heavy heart.

It was partly because he did not wish to hear any more revelations about his mother's husband and partly because he had an irresistible craving to hear something about other persons who were then sojourning in Torquay that he said he must run down to the post-office and buy some stamps. Being a man of his word, he duly went to the post-office and bought his stamps; but he did not encounter Lady Evelyn on the way, nor did he escape from the disquieting thoughts which Mr. Drake's remarks had brought into his mind. It was all very well for Mr. Drake to rap out a good sturdy "no" and be recalled to London, but his own perplexities were not to be dealt with after that summary fashion. He could harden his heart against Archdale easily enough, but he could not harden it against his mother, and everything seemed to indicate the probability that he would ere long be guilty of an offence which Sir George Brett would never pardon. The worst of it was, too, that Sir George was in the right; for it was obviously absurd to pour water into a sieve, and what Mr. Drake had said only lent confirmation to what Willie himself had surmised.

After leaving the post-office he strolled down towards the harbor; possibly he had an unacknowledged curiosity to see whether the Albatross was still lying there. Torquay Harbor is not quite the most comfortable place in the world to lie in when the stormy winds do blow, and by the late autumn most yachtsmen who have not had the sense to abandon what at best is but a doubtful pleasure at that season of the year have sought some quieter anchorage. Consequently there was no difficulty in identifying the solitary yawl which was pitching and rolling at her moorings under the inefficient shelter of the breakwater. Willie had been standing for some little time upon the quay, with his hands behind his back, watching her and wondering whether, if he stayed there long enough, he would be rewarded by obtaining speech of her owner, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, wheeling round, he was brought face to face with that fortunate personage.

Mortimer did not look as if he considered himself particularly fortunate at that moment. He had the appearance of being a thoroughly dejected man, and he pres-

ently explained that such was indeed his plight.

"If ever you want to get into the proper frame of mind for cutting your throat, Brett," said he, "let me recommend you to try yachting late in the year and bring up at Torquay. That'll make you wish you had never been born, or nothing will! Just look at that beastly tumbling sea — and this sort of thing has been going on for the last week without a check! The glass is rising now; but I dare say that only means that we're in for a north-westerly gale. Well, I'm glad you're back, anyhow; it's something to be able to exchange a few words with a fellow-creature."

"But you have our friends at Malton Lodge," said Willie, somewhat surprised by this despondency.

"No, I haven't. At least, Lady Wetherby is there; but Lady Evelyn has been away for ten days, staying with somebody or other. She is expected back to-night, and to-morrow we are to have a last sail, I believe, if the weather permits — which it won't. Then I shall send the yacht round to Gosport to lay up, and precious glad I shall be to get rid of her, I can tell you."

It would not have been in human nature that Willie should feel any deep sympathy with this forsaken and disconsolate wooer; but he said, "I suppose you must have found it rather slow here of late."

"Slow! — my dear fellow, slow is no word for it! There literally hasn't been a thing to do, except sit in the club, and rap the barometer, and curse the weather, and try to sleep as much as possible. Besides I've been bothered about — about things."

He looked as if he contemplated adding something more, but did not get farther than opening his lips once or twice, as he stood rolling about a pebble under his foot upon the coping of the quay.

"I'll tell you what I wish you would do," he resumed at length, looking up suddenly, "I wish you would come on board and lunch with me. You don't mind a bit of a roll, do you?"

"I don't think I very much like it," answered Willie doubtfully.

"Oh, you'll be all right; you won't notice it after the first few minutes; it's nothing to what we have been having. You might come, like a good chap. The fact is I rather want to have a chat with you, and it's impossible to talk out here, with the wind whistling through one's bones."

Now it required no great perspicuity to guess that the subject about which Mr. Mortimer was anxious to talk confidentially must be in some way connected with Lady Evelyn, and even at the risk of being sea-sick, Willie could not resist an invitation of that kind. So he said, "All right, then, I'll come. If the worst comes to the worst, I suppose you'll have the humanity to put me on shore before I disgrace myself."

From The Contemporary Review.

H. P. LIDDON.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY CANON SCOTT HOLLAND.

NOT for a moment will I pretend that I write these memorial words on Henry Parry Liddon in the spirit of an impartial critic. On the contrary, I venture to write them only in order that those thousands who admired and honored him in his public career may know a little more of what it was which those who had the privilege of his intimacy, and who dearly loved him, felt to be the peculiar value and significance of his personality. Writing of him under the very shadow of his loss, that significance and that value impress themselves with special acuteness; and the memory is quickened by an affection which can with difficulty learn to believe that a presence so vital and so exhilarating will never be found at our side again, with the look and the speech that had, for so long, been our delight.

What is it that we should say of him, if we are asked why we attributed to him such peculiar value?

I need not touch on all those obvious gifts of his, which were revealed through his preaching and his writing, and which are public property. He had literary and theological learning; he had style; he had rhetorical skill and passion. All this I can assume to be acknowledged; but what was it in him which gave force and color to all this?

Well, he had that which we call "distinction." You might agree with him, or not agree; you might criticise and discuss his gifts; but, anyhow, he had the quality of speciality. In any roomful of men, his presence was felt with a distinct and rare impression. If he let himself speak, his voice, manner, style, articulation, arrested you; you wanted to listen to him, whoever else was speaking; his phrases, his expressions, caught your ear. Here was

somebody notable; so you knew. He stood out from his fellows; there was a flavor in his company which was unique.

And this impression was one which belonged to character; it was not the result of any particular and separate gift, but it made itself known through them all. Whatever he did or said was unlike another's; was characteristic of himself. And this was what gave him, to those who had the joy of his friendship, such intense and unflinching interest. In days such as ours, where the *average* standard of culture, and cleverness, and character is so high, it requires a most remarkable force of inward energy for any one to show himself clearly and distinctly above the average. It is this which makes the present generation of educated men appear so strangely dull and commonplace. Such crowds of men can come up to a very decent level; so very, very few can pass it. The result is that they all look exactly alike; they all talk with about the same ability; they all conform to a very respectable standard of knowledge and reading and wits; we feel that they have all been through a common mill; a very *good* mill; we do not deny that; only, good as are Huntley & Palmer's Reading Mills, it must be confessed that the biscuits are very much alike. This feeling of the common average weighs upon us, and depresses. It makes us horribly conscious that nobody need be missed—that there are certain to be only too many who are ready to take his place, and who will do as well as he. And, therefore, it is with quite a peculiar and excessive delight that we recognize one who, like Liddon, so obviously stands apart from, and above, the average. He had kept his contours free; he had never let himself be ground down to the ordinary mould. He had got the tone and quality that could never be mistaken for another's. He was, in a word, intensely interesting. To watch him, to catch his glance, his gestures, his motion, his intonation, was a perpetual joy in itself. Everything that came from him, in word or deed, was exactly typical of him. It was so sure to be like him, that it gave you the shock of a delicious surprise, every time it happened—the surprise, not of a novelty, but of recognizing so intense an identity under a novel form. You seized on it with the laughing glee of a scientific enthusiast pouncing on a new specimen, in some unexpected spot, of a favorite or familiar organism. You mentally treasured up the saying, or the act, whatever it was; you went about repeating or re-

enacting it; you laughed quietly to yourself alone as you recalled it. This gave to his companionship an inexhaustible charm; it was impossible ever to be with him beyond a few minutes without adding to your stores of refreshing memories of this kind. Up something was sure to come; and it bubbled up so instinctively; and it threw itself into such varied and unexpected forms; and if once a vein was started, it developed so freely and so richly; and the happy words flowed along with such amazing rapidity of selection; and he became so confident and insistent and abundant, as he felt the reflex of your enjoyment in it; and his eye so kindled with merriment and keenness and animation, and his face so twinkled with expressive motions and brimming fancies; that, when at last you managed to drag yourself out of his affectionate grasp, as he followed you out of his room to the top of the stairs, and still held both your hands in his, and still had some last irrepressible epithet or inimitable phrase to add to the many already showered upon you; you disappeared glowing with the sense that, certainly, there was no talk like Liddon's — no one quite so special and so vitalizing.

Of course, for this to happen he required to know you, to know exactly where he stood towards you; no one was more sensitive to the social atmosphere about him. He could never expand like this except when he was sure of the surroundings. Until he had made himself aware of his company, he would repress every signal or suggestion of all this. People might interview him or meet him and never suspect the fund of imaginative and ironical humor that he was holding in restraint. But once give him confidence in you, and so long as he was in decent health, these funds never failed you. The humor was instinctive and overflowing. Not even dark hours of anxiety would be enough to subdue it. Even at times when he was writing letters full of the blackest forebodings, and when he was penetrated with pessimistic distresses, still, in the evening, when you caught him free to talk, the delicious springs of fun and brilliancy would bubble and brim with the same inevitable felicity. Mr. Frederic Harrison, in his touching little picture of him, harps on his sweet and gentle melancholy. This conveys a very partial impression. I should say that, gentle as was his manner, with its soft tenderness of courtesy, and its priestly touch of anxiety, still there was no one on

earth whose eye was so sure to greet one with a beaming look of alertness, or who was so quick in response to any fun. Nor, again, should I say that his habitual gentleness could at all conceal the fire that glowed beneath it, and which would kindle into ready flame at any provocation that was aware how to rouse it. There were subjects on which he would speak with a vehement excitement that grew hotter as it found words; and he had this mark of the natural orator, that the language would win epigrammatic force and precision, according to the measure of the heat that burned behind it; and again the brilliancy of the epigrams that flowed from his lips would feed and renew the heat. At such times it was evident how explosive were the forces of that sensitive physique, which he had to manage and control under the restraint of a delicate and disciplined courtesy.

Such a personality, so fresh, so vivid, so abundant, so elastic, so vivacious, was bound to be ever interesting and ever charming. Nor was this freshness, this elasticity of character, the least diminished by the fact that, intellectually, his lines were singularly formal and motionless. On the contrary, is it not often true that humor and imagination play with fullest freedom round and about an intellectual pivot which is absolutely fixed? The very fixity of the convictions sets these forces loose, unhindered by any interior anxiety. They are relieved from the labor of working out and determining the position to be taken up, and their entire energy is free to skirmish outside — to attack, to defend, to repudiate, to "chaff," to detect weak points in opponents' armor, to summon up all available resources in succor of the position adopted. Definite and unhesitating convictions are an immense gain to the advocate and to the logician; they form the finest background for humor, for irony, for imagination. The man whose convictions are themselves in the act of growing is bound to offer magnificent opportunities to a quick and acute logic, and to a brilliant sense of the ridiculous. Such opportunities were never missed by Liddon. He had all his weapons ready. His appreciation of the absurd was like an instinct; and the moment that the absurd had been sighted, his imagination was up and after it, like a greyhound slipped from the leash.

Here was his power in talk, and in writing. His intellect, as such, would never stir. You could anticipate, exactly, the position from which he would start. It

never varied. He had won clear hold on the dogmatic expressions by which the Church of the Councils secured the Catholic belief in the Incarnation; and there he stood with unalterable tenacity. Abstract ideas did not appeal to him; for philosophy he had no liking, though, naturally, he could not fail in handling it to show himself a man of cultivated ability. But it did not affect him at all; he never felt drawn to get inside it. He did not work in that region. His mental tone was intensely practical; it was Latin, it was French, in sympathy and type. For Teutonic speculation he had a most amusing repugnance. Its misty magniloquence, its grotesque bulk, its immense clumsiness, its laborious pedantry, which its best friends admit, brought out everything in him that was alert, rapid, compact, practical, effective, humorous. There was nothing against which his entire armory came into more vivid play — his brilliant readiness, his penetrating irony, his quick sense of proportion, his admirable and scholarly restraint, his delicate grace, his fastidious felicity of utterance. There was no attraction on the speculative side to make him hesitate in these excursions of his; he saw no reason to expect any gain from these philosophers, while, on the other hand, he was acutely alive to the perils of such intellectual adventures.

So he stood, absolutely rooted, in the region of thought. Nothing arrived to color, or expand, his intellectual fabric. To novel ideas — to the ideas that are still in growth, especially — he offered no welcome, so far as his own inner habit of mind was concerned. Of course, he was quick enough to perceive them, to estimate them, to handle them, to place them. He was on the alert to deal with them; he was acutely sensitive to the exact points at which they touched his position. But he never enjoyed them for their own sake. Reason to him was a tool, a weapon, a talent committed in charge; but hardly a life. And, perhaps, in saying all this, we can relieve Mr. Frederic Harrison of his wonder how any one, with a mind so unelastic, could have had such immense influence. As with the humorist, so with the orator and the preacher, a fixed intellectual base is an incomparable gain. The preachers who produce the deepest effect are those who, having fast hold of the elemental religious principles which their hearers already hold, but hold hesitatingly, or hold as in a dream, or hold without knowing what they hold, drag these out from the darkness in which they lie buried,

or force them into activity, and vividly manifest the reality of their application to heart and conduct. That is what moves men so profoundly; they come to church professing a creed, they hope that they believe it; but it slumbers, inoperative and inert, without practical force, without any direct or effectual significance. The preacher reads out the secret; he takes up this assumed creed; he gives it actual meaning; he spreads it out over the surface of life; he brings it to bear on the real facts of daily conduct with incision and with fire.

Now, in all this Liddon was supreme. Unelastic in his intellectual framework, he was eminently elastic in every other field of life — in sympathy, in imagination, in affection, in sensibility, in logical acuteness, in mental alertness, in modes of expression, in turns of feeling. Here, all was motion, rapidity, change. No one could appreciate a situation with a finer or more delicate intuition; no one could exhibit a more subtle variety of temperament, a more spontaneous identification of himself with the shifting needs of the moment. Here, he would "become all things to all men;" he would understand everything in a flash, the meaning would be caught up and expressed with pre-eminent happiness of insight. Thus he had the double gift of the preacher. He impressed, he overawed, he mastered, by the sense of unshaken solidity which his mental characteristics assured to him. Men felt the force of a position which was as a rock amid the surging seas. Here was the fixity, the security, the eternal reassurance most needed by those who wondered sadly whether the sands under their feet were shifty or no. And yet, at the service of this unmoving creed was a brain, a heart, alive with infinite motion, abounding in rich variety, fertile, resourceful, quickening, expansive, vital.

And, if we add to this a strong will, possessed of unswerving courage, and utterly fearless of the world, we shall see that there was in him all the elements that constitute a great director of souls. For such a function he had just the right combination of gifts — rigid and decisive spiritual principles, applied to the details of life with all the pliability of a sympathetic imagination and of illuminative affection. The moment he entered the sphere of personal relations, his intense honor for each soul in its separateness, his exquisite courtesy, his unflinching tenderness, his eager unselfishness, his perfect simplicity, all served to temper and cor-

rect the rigidities of his intellectual formulæ. It must remain to us a matter of poignant regret that he persisted in a strange and invincible refusal to undertake retreats, for which he had shown, in early days at Cuddesdon, quite a peculiar aptitude, and for which he seemed obviously endowed with every qualification that could be desired.* He was a priest to the core of cores—a priest by nature as well as by grace. Already, as a boy, he moved about as a priest, among the rest, we are told. Instinctively he bent all to edification; instinctively he wore the names of others on his breast. I can hardly imagine any one who would surpass him in conducting a clerical retreat. He had all the strength and the gentleness, which, in union with his fine spiritual insight, would have ranked him, so far as we can judge, among the masters of the spiritual life. Yet, in spite of reiterated entreaties, he abstained from all such opportunities; he resolutely declared himself unfitted. He confined himself to private ministrations, to interviews, to letter-writing, holding himself, indeed, entirely at the mercy of correspondents, and keeping his door open to all who came there for counsel and good cheer.

I have attempted to show how unique was the position of him whom we have lost. And such as this he has been for twenty-five years. There was nobody at all to challenge his particular position. That position was historically noticeable, in that, apart from his own personal eminence as a preacher and theologian, he served to bind the later Ritualistic movement to the old Tractarian centre. What we call Ritualism only means the effort to diffuse over the parish life of town and country that which the Tractarians had revived and secured in the university. This diffusion carried the movement far afield; it had to make adventurous experiments, often in young hands, under rough and irregular conditions. It might have got quite out of hand. And then, of course, the children of those who had stoned Tractarianism were now ready to glorify their old foe at the expense of their new and swarming enemy. They spoke of the academic dignity, of the illustrious learning, of the lofty intellectual calibre, of the great leaders of Tractarianism. This was safe enough now that most of those, who had not long ago gone over to Rome, were beginning to grow old and

to die. They scornfully contrasted with these great names the unknown crowd of clergy, fervent but ignorant, who were spreading the new movement in lanes and slums. They were rash; they were reckless; they were silly. The movement, once so dignified, was vulgarized. So men complained; and it was everything that, at such a moment, there should be a personality like Liddon's in absolute touch with the new men, in fullest sympathy with all that they were attempting, and yet himself lodged tight and fast in honorable places of the old university—a professor, a theologian, a unique figure in its pulpit; and moreover, one to whom the outside public was compelled to listen with respect; who had a reputation which told on the imagination of the world at large. Thus, in binding the earlier and later stages of the Church movement together, Liddon, who was at once in the intimate and affectionate confidence of the great academic chief who still worked and prayed in the corner of the great quadrangle at Christ Church, and the greatest power in the pulpit at St. Mary's—and yet had also been the fellow-curate of Mackonochie at Wantage, and had, as vice-principal of Cuddesdon, inspired the very men who were doing the Catholic work in street and field—Liddon was, for the last twenty-five years, of incalculable importance to the Church.

And it was in bridging these significant years by the force of a most noticeable personality that he told, too, upon us, the younger brood at Oxford, to whom he gave himself in such simple and delightful familiarity. He introduced into our midst the intensity, the fibre, the moral toughness of the older Tractarians. He had their rigorous unworldliness, their unflinching courage, their disciplined self-repression, their definite and masterful direction, their spiritual beauty, their unearthly force. We, on the other hand, had come under many influences which were wholly foreign to all under which the older movement grew. The currents of thought that fed the education of the day had been changed. The English utilitarianism had yielded to the sway of speculative floods, which had been set moving in German universities. These influences had gone very deep in us; they had passed into our innermost habits of reasoning; they had dyed our mental moods. Their pressure had fallen upon us just at an age when we were most receptive. We could not but be moulded and penetrated by them. The result was inevitable. Much to which Lid-

* Cf. R. Randall, "Retreat Addresses," preface, p. 11.

don had closed the door instinctively was already inside us by the very conditions of our growth. We had offered ourselves to it at an age when every door and window in us was as wide open as it could bear to be. We had therefore absorbed, according to our abilities, that which he held at arm's length with suspicion and repugnance. This could not but tell in matters of Christian "Apology." We had imbibed another logical temper from his; we could not approach a problem by his method, nor deal with it according to his measures. Others of his generation, and, above all, one still living of the generation older than his, whom it is needless to name, had, in all such matters, drawn much nearer to us than he. He resolutely kept himself aloof from the influences that had entered the modern life and had changed its intellectual temper.

This could not but be a sorrow; but yet it remained that, by different routes, we arrived at the same goal. Our conclusion was his conclusion. For still, it was "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Still, it was the doctrine of the Incarnation, as witnessed by Church and Scripture, which was the sum and substance of all our apology. All his positive vital convictions were ours also. And here he brought to bear upon us the authoritative correction which we, in our littleness, most needed. For we were shaken and confused by the new powers that had taken hold of the intellectual life. We were staggering about; we were often lifted off our feet. We were weaklings caught in a strong stream. And it was everything to have before us one who gave us a standard of what spiritual conviction should mean; one who never cringed, or shrank, or compromised, or slid; one who looked unswervingly on the eternal things; one who was evidence to us of what the sacraments of the Incarnation could work in those who were yielded to them in body, soul, and spirit; one who had committed his all to the dominion and service of Christ, "casting down before it all reasonings and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." There he was; there was no mistaking him. He would die gladly for his creed; we felt it; we knew it; and it shamed us and braced us just when shame and bracing were most needful.

Ah! and then, on the common ground of his and our positive conviction, he gave us everything that was exhilarating and

attractive in personal intimacy. He drew us with the cords of a man. He communed with us freely, with that most joyful and blessed communion of mind and heart which is impossible except for those who walk together in the same house of God as friends.

Only to those who came within the warmth and security of a common faith could be set free all the glowing fervors and the most radiant fascinations of his personal character. But to them everything was opened with the most winning freedom and in the richest abundance. To the very last it was the same. The bond held fast, however annoying and erratic we became. Never did I find him more buoyantly at ease, more brimming with confidential mirth and playful affection, than when I met him at Oxford on the Sunday before his final illness.

He was the most beautiful of friends. It is the loss of this that has taken so much sunlight from our days, and has made our daily life feel so beggared and so thin. Often and often in the years to come we shall turn, by happy habit, to feel it at hand, only to remember with a fresh touch of sadness that God has taken from us that presence that was so beautiful and so dear.

"All our days we shall go softlier, sadder," as those who are aware that a glory has gone from their life; yet as those who, from the very bottom of their hearts, give thanks to the Lord and Saviour who has him in good keeping, that it was once their honor and their joy to know and to love Henry Parry Liddon.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CZAR AND THE JEWS.

NOTHING is more remarkable about Russia, than the general ignorance in Europe concerning the social condition and internal affairs of that country.

This ignorance is due to a variety of circumstances — geographical, historical, and others. The Russian population who still inhabit the centre only of what is now the Russian Empire in Europe, were, until comparatively recent times, completely cut off from all contact with the European nations who were steadily advancing in that civilization the light of which failed to reach the secluded Muscovite. The instinct of self-preservation among the Finnish, Swedish, German, Lithuanian, Polish, Moldavian, and Turkish peoples,

who surrounded, and, with the exception of the latter, still surround, the central Russian population, and even to-day form thirty per cent. of the czar's European subjects, long fought against the advance of the Russians to their present political frontiers. Hemmed in on all sides, the Muscovite remained as ignorant of Europe as Europe was of him.

It was reserved for Peter the Great to force his way to the Baltic, to found St. Petersburg, and, as he himself accurately expressed it, to open a window to Europe. Peter's window was, however, but a small one, and for a long period, the faces chiefly visible at it, were those of the foreigners whom the rulers of Russia took into their service, either from western Europe or from the Baltic and Polish provinces over which their dominion steadily encroached. The introduction of the large foreign element into the government, which was a necessity to Russia's progress, has had a remarkable and lasting effect. The Russians who left their provincial homes to establish themselves in the new capital, and to attach themselves to the court, entered a new world. They necessarily bowed to the influence of the ruling foreigners, and with the latter they founded that St. Petersburg society which has always remained completely out of touch with the mass of the Russian nation, but which until the present czar's reign monopolized the government of the country.

Now that the Russian frontiers have reached the sea, and march with those of the civilized nations of central Europe, with fair railway communication from the interior to the civilized West, the Russian house has become full of windows, and the design of Peter the Great would appear to have reached its fulfilment. Under ordinary circumstances windows admit of looking in as well as of looking out, but this ordinary condition is not fulfilled by the Russian windows. Other czars may have hesitated about letting too much light into their house, but Alexander III. is not given to hesitation. He found windows, but he determined to exclude the observation of his neighbors, and he has resolutely put up the shutters.

Every possible means is now taken to conceal the truth about Russia, to keep out the foreigner, and to baffle his hateful curiosity. No native journal is allowed to give any real picture of the internal condition of the country. No foreign journalist may send uncensored telegrams to his editor, and no suspected author of unpleasant communications can hope to

be allowed to remain in Russia. No foreign missionary may settle, or even travel in the country, for fear he should discover disagreeable truths, and report unfavorably on Holy Russia. The intelligent foreigner who arrives armed with recommendations from high personages abroad, is promptly and easily blindfolded. He is received with fulsome compliments; the officials everywhere are at his service to take him wherever he chooses and show him everything. Their *bonhomie* and frankness of manner is truly charming, *but they never leave their visitor to see anything by himself.* To those who can see behind the scenes, nothing is more exquisitely amusing than to observe the intelligent visitor, confident in his own cleverness and powers of observation, and completely hoodwinked by the men who affect to be at his service, and to assist his inquiries. As long as, from want of knowledge of the language, or from other circumstances, the traveller in Russia finds himself accompanied by, and obliged to accept the proffered services of, any Russian of higher rank than a peasant, he may be perfectly assured that, from first to last, everything will be presented to him in false colors, and that he will be if possible more ignorant of the country when he leaves it than when he entered it.

A country long geographically isolated, historically backward, with little literature to give views of its inner life, with a great gulf and complete want of sympathy between the limited upper class and the masses, with officials distinguished by combined ignorance and chauvinistic sensitiveness, and with an autocrat who declines to hear, or to allow others to hear, unpleasant truths about his empire and people, — such is the combination of conditions and circumstances which keeps Russia a mystery to Europe. The official version of every event in Russia is always the least worthy of credence and the most widely spread, and unfortunately the contradictions which occasionally reach the public ear are too often, through ignorance or prejudice, equally untrustworthy. In no other country in Europe would it be possible for the government to steadily organize and prosecute a widespread system of religious intolerance and persecution, without the fullest details reaching and rousing the indignation of the co-religionists of the persecuted in other lands. Yet, although vague stories of trouble occasionally cross the Russian frontier, it is but little realized abroad that Protestant, Roman Catholic, Jew, and

Armenian all suffer disabilities, and too often persecution, on account of their faith.

It is not long since the Protestants of the Russian Baltic provinces made an ineffectual attempt to attract the attention of Europe, and to stay the hand of their persecutors, by an appeal to the sympathies of their brethren in the West. Now it is the turn of the Russian Jews who seek to make their voices heard, and cry aloud for some influence to incline their tormentors to mercy. In Turkey it is impossible for the sultan to conceal for a week any detail concerning a single outrage by a Kurdish brigand on an Armenian peasant. Missionaries, journalists, travelers, and consuls hasten to spread the news. Blue-books are published, Armenian committees organize meetings in London to protest, and high Armenian officials are hastily summoned in council to the imperial palace in Constantinople, to deliberate on the best measures for protecting and satisfying their co-religionists. In Russia, Protestants, Armenians, Roman Catholics, or Jews may suffer *en masse*, and but a few dismal wails will penetrate the barriers carefully erected and maintained to stifle the voice of truth from Russia. We have, however, travelled unaccompanied by official guides in those Russian provinces which are inhabited by the Jews, and we have had opportunities of seeing and hearing behind the barriers. We know that the complaints of the Jews respecting present woes and anticipated miseries are but too well founded; and it shall be our endeavor, in describing what we have seen and know, to convey some idea of their position under the existing penal laws, and of the danger which continually threatens both their persons and property from the jealousy and violence of an ignorant and barbarous peasantry.

In Russia the present legal status of the Jew is that of an alien. The spirit of the laws which regulate his position may be briefly summed up as follows: The Jew is assumed to be an individual against whose treacherous wiles the authorities must always be on their guard. He has no rights or privileges, except such as have been specially granted to him by imperial statute, and his enjoyment of even these is precarious. His conduct and occupations must be regulated by special legislation, and he must on no account be allowed, so long as he remains true to his faith, to acquire the position of a permanent inhabitant of the country.

Perhaps the most important of the restrictions on the liberties of the Russian Jew is that which confines his right of residence to certain specially named districts and governments. In the provinces comprised in what is still known as the kingdom of Poland, and in Volhynia, Bessarabia, and Padolia, the Jews are exceedingly numerous, and are said to form from thirteen to eighteen per cent. of the population. In these provinces, and in the government immediately adjoining them to the east, the Jews have full liberty to reside where they like, but it is only under exceptional circumstances that they are permitted to enter the other provinces of the empire. In Courland and Livonia the descendants of the Jewish families who were already established in these provinces when they were incorporated into the Russian Empire, are allowed to remain undisturbed, but no Jews from other districts are permitted to settle. Any Jew who has paid the heavy dues of a first guild merchant in one of these provincial towns where the free right of residence is admitted, is subsequently permitted to move to, and to reside in, any other city of the empire, on condition of enrolling himself as a first guild merchant of the town he selects, and continuing to pay the annual dues prescribed for that privilege.

Persons of the Jewish faith who have completed the university course, and obtained the necessary certificates, as also those who follow certain special trades and professions, particularly that of medicine, are nominally permitted to dwell where it suits them; but the authorities interpret the regulations differently, at different times, and in different places, and constant misunderstandings arise.

The pressure which, under the strict interpretation of the laws, the Jews experience in the provinces in which they are crowded, compels them constantly to endeavor to evade its provisions. At times the authorities appear to regard with indifference the infraction of many of the anti-Jewish laws; and then, under the sudden influence of the complaints of jealous and competing Christian traders, or as the result of the caprice of some zealous official, the prohibitory regulations are called to mind, and in notable instances, hundreds of families have been suddenly expelled from some town or district in which they have been long, and quietly established.

It is chiefly as a trader that the Jew excites the jealousy of his neighbors. Trade is his general occupation, and in it

he is undoubtedly a powerful rival to the Russians with whom he competes, and whom he will always try to undersell. His general principles in business are to seek, by a large turn-over, compensation for the smallness of the profits with which he contents himself on individual transactions, and he is willing to take risks, on his own account, for such small percentages of profit, as old-established Christian merchants would demand as commission, on business where they employed the capital of others. The Jew, in fact, forces himself into the position of a commission agent to the merchants who grant him credit. His industry, skill, and personal economy will often make a business succeed where the ordinary Christian would certainly fail, and his success assists that general development of trade which is so important in a backward country. In large matters of business he understands that honesty is the best policy, and he will take the greatest care to maintain a good reputation, particularly where he looks forward to a continued and profitable connection. A fairly established Jew trader is comparatively rarely guilty of petty cheating or chicanery, and he has the great merit of understanding in whom he can himself place confidence. The Russian merchant, on the contrary, suspects everybody, and as he is himself generally and reasonably suspected, business relations with him often become most difficult.

The keenness of the Jews in competing with one another for business has a most marked effect in reducing both the prices of commodities and the rate of interest in the districts which are inhabited by them, and from this circumstance their Christian neighbors undoubtedly reap considerable benefit. Official statements have proved that the rate of interest paid by the peasant to the Jewish usurer in the western provinces is far lower than the rates charged by the Russian *koulak* in the provinces from which the Jews are excluded. The *koulak*, too, enforces his claim with rigor; whereas the Jew, unsupported by the authorities, has frequently to compromise, or even to accept a total loss.

In Jewish families no member is allowed to be idle, and where trade is the occupation boys and girls are alike apprenticed to it at an early age, and are taught the necessity of industry and energy, and the value of the smallest sums of money as capital from which income may be derived. It is said to be a com-

mon practice in some of the larger towns for a father to give his son, of fourteen or fifteen years of age, a couple of roubles, and, turning him out of doors, bid him make the best use he can of the money to support himself for ten days or a fortnight, at the end of which period he may return home if he brings back the original capital. Girls at the age of sixteen or seventeen, if not required to assist in the business of their parents, are often started in a small way on their own account. We have seen the mother of a family, with the help of one or two young children, conducting an apparently prosperous business in groceries, and the father, engaged in the grain trade, travelling about the country, and only occasionally superintending his wife's transactions; at one side of the grocer's shop a small establishment where the eldest son was dealing in hardware, and on the other side, in a wretched shanty, a girl of sixteen trading with a stock of prints and similar articles, not exceeding £15 or £20 in value. This energy and intolerance of idlers in the family is the secret of the success in business of the Jews.

It has often been made a matter of complaint against the Jews that they encourage the peasants in drunkenness, but this assertion does not bear the test of serious inquiry. Considering that there is no retail trade in Russia of equal importance with that in intoxicating liquors, and that the trade of those provinces which are inhabited by the Jews is almost exclusively in their hands, it is not remarkable that they should be found as tavern-keepers, and pushing that business with their customary energy. As already mentioned, the Jews are particularly numerous in Poland, and yet, as compared with the Russian peasant, the sobriety of the Pole is remarkable. Katkoff, who was no friend to aliens, whether Jews or Germans, made the important acknowledgment in the "Moskovosky Vedomost" that there is less drunkenness in the southwestern provinces of the empire than in the central districts from which the Jews are absolutely excluded; and to his remarks on this subject he added the noteworthy statement, that although there was undoubtedly great poverty in the west and south-west of Russia, inquiry showed that the poorest classes belonged to the Jewish faith, and not to the orthodox peasantry.

Circumstances have forced a considerable majority of the Jews to seek a livelihood in trade; but it is by no means true,

as stated by their enemies, that they show no capacity for industries where bodily exertion is required. In large manufactories they would seek employment in vain; for no mill-owner would consent to their suspending work from Friday afternoon till Saturday evening, nor could he arrange to keep his works open on Sunday for the benefit of a portion of his hands who might then be inclined to resume labor. In industries where combination is not required, and where each worker can labor by himself and choose his own time, a large proportion of Jews are to be found. A striking proof of this fact was given, when a report was published on the condition of the sufferers from the anti-Jewish disturbances in Kieff some years ago. Out of some six hundred adult males who had been rendered houseless, and were temporarily sheltered in the fortress, there were 134 tailors, 40 carters, 22 day laborers, 22 butchers, 21 fitters, and 27 joiners and wheelwrights, in addition to representatives in smaller numbers of various other handicrafts. Besides, however, what are ordinarily known as trades and industries, there is an occupation—namely, that of the middleman—for which the Jew appears particularly adapted. Throughout the south-west of Russia and Poland it is almost impossible to complete any transaction without the intervention of the Jew "factor," as he is called. Whether it be the letting or hiring of a house, the sale or purchase of grain, the leasing of a farm, or the engagement of a servant, the Jew middleman is sure to be mixed up in the matter, and to succeed in extracting some profit for himself. He is often useful, but he is decidedly an unpleasant character, and he contributes much to the unpopularity of his race.

Although the Russian Jew seldom adopts usury as his sole occupation, he is nevertheless the only person from whom the small proprietor or the peasant can obtain the loans which furnish the capital so often necessary for the success of his agricultural operations. The rate of interest undoubtedly appears high; but when considered in relation to the risks incurred in making advances, it is probably not generally excessive. The security is often of the most uncertain nature, and consists, for instance, in the value of the yield of crops, for the sowing and tilling of which the lender is providing the capital. The government has acknowledged the necessity of loans to the peasantry to enable them to carry on their business; and one of the most strongly urged of the

recommendations of the Committees of Inquiry into Agricultural Affairs was the establishment by the State of the Provincial Peasants Banks, which now make advances to the peasantry and small land proprietors. It is, however, difficult to regulate the conduct of State establishments on the same sound commercial principles as ordinarily guide the action of individuals in their private affairs, and it is at least doubtful whether the interference of *tschinovniks*, in what should be purely commercial transactions, will in the long run prove really beneficial to the peasantry. With regard to the higher classes of landed proprietors whose improvidence sometimes places them completely at the mercy of the Jews, from whom they have borrowed the last possible farthing, it is a question whether it is an unmitigated evil that they should be dispossessed of the estates which they have not the capital or ability to work with profit.

Capital is one of the great necessities of a country like Russia; and the existence of a large population, whose habits lead to its accumulation, cannot be without considerable advantages. A combination among the Jews to refuse every class of application for loans during a period of some months would effectually check the present outcry against them, and force the Russian nation to a due appreciation of their value to the State. Great services have been rendered to the empire itself by Jewish capitalists. When it suddenly became necessary to provide for the daily maintenance of the immense Russian armies which were assembled in Bulgaria in 1877, the Jews naturally came forward to undertake the contracts which would have been beyond the resources and powers of organization of any other class of Russian subjects. After the conclusion of the war there was indeed an outcry that the government was cheated, and there were long trials,—as a result of which the Jewish contractors were mulcted of large sums which they claimed from the Treasury as unpaid balances of accounts. It is no doubt true that in many cases the prices charged to the government, and the sums claimed under various pretences, were unreasonable; but it must be remembered that the services rendered by the army purveyors were so essential, that at the time, the authorities asked no questions, and the contractors were often obliged to promise immense bribes to officials to secure themselves from obstruction, in the fulfilment of undertakings,

on which the safety and welfare of the army depended.

All over the world the Jew is a lover of money, but, nevertheless, his character is not that of a miser. He seeks money not to hoard in sacks in a cupboard, but to employ in some manner which shall still further enrich him, and which will therefore at the same time necessarily develop the trade of the country which he inhabits. When the Jew is in at all good circumstances, he is by no means averse to spending money on his own pleasures and comforts, and of this fact a curious confirmation is to be found in a memorandum by Mr. Wagstaff, the vice-consul at Nicholaieff, published in the consular reports presented in the spring of 1882 to the Houses of Parliament. Mr. Wagstaff, who does not appear to be too favorably inclined towards the Jews, thus quotes the second clause of the petition of the peasants, to the committee appointed to inquire into the Elizabethgrad disorders: "That the Jews should impress on their wives and daughters not to deck themselves out in silk, velvet, gold, etc., as such attire is neither in keeping with their education nor the position they hold in society."

The next clause in the same petition refers to the supposed depraving influence of the Jews on the Christian population, and brings us to the question of their moral and social character. The general accusation against the Jews of immorality resolves itself, when examined, into charges of defrauding the peasantry, of smuggling, coining and forging, and of avoidance of their duties as citizens, particularly in the matter of army service. The first of these charges we have already considered. With regard to the other, it must be conceded that the smugglers, coiners, and forgers who are brought to justice are often Jews; but smuggling is only practicable on a large scale on the western frontier, and that is exactly where oppressive legislation forces the Jews to congregate, and at the same time denies them the right of freely selecting their means of livelihood. Every country which has followed a strict protective policy, and levied enormous duties on the importation of articles of ordinary consumption, has developed a regular smuggling trade, and Russia cannot expect to prove an exception to this rule. The traders in the neighborhood of the western frontier are all Jews; they understand the German tongue which prevails in the bordering countries, and they have numerous co-

religionists residing across the frontier on whose co-operation they can rely. Under these circumstances, if a contraband trade is carried on, it is evident that the Jews are in the best position to work it successfully, and it is absurd to expect from them such extraordinary moral superiority over other nationalities, that they should refrain on principle from a crime against the State which in various ages has been practised in every country. Similarly, no country having so extensive and ill-regulated a circulation of paper money in notes of small value can hope to escape the attempts of forgers to issue false notes; and in this matter also, the Jews, from their position as traders, and from their connections abroad, where for greater safety the false money is generally made, have unequalled facilities for passing it into circulation. In the matter of army service, the Jews are undoubtedly inclined to shirk the obligation of conscription. It has, however, yet to be shown that the ordinary Russian peasant responds eagerly to the summons of the recruiting officials. The larger percentage of Jews who fail to present themselves, when called on for conscription, is probably due to the simple fact, that the greater cunning of the Hebrew renders his efforts to evade a disagreeable duty more often successful than are those of the ignorant peasant.

Two other charges have also recently been brought against the Jews — namely, that they have a regular system of combination for evil purposes, and that large numbers of them are to be found as active members of the revolutionary party. The first of these accusations is too vague and general to be seriously dealt with; and with regard to the second, the charge is disproved by facts. The number of Jews among the persons who have been arrested and tried as Nihilists is exceedingly small, and on this subject there can be no mistake, as the names and status of the condemned have been published officially. Mladetsky, who was hanged for the attempted assassination of Loris Melikoff, was certainly of Jewish origin; but he embraced the crucifix on the scaffold, and had long been a Christian, and, therefore, dissociated from his co-religionists. The woman Helfmann, who was condemned in St. Petersburg for complicity in the assassination of the late czar, and a woman named Lewinsohn, who was previously condemned as a Nihilist at Kieff, were Jewesses; but both these women were proved to have been living as the mistresses of Christian associates, and this

fact alone shows that they had completely separated themselves from their own people.

In matters pertaining to domestic virtue, no really serious charge has been or can be made against the Jews, and the strongest evidence in their favor is to be found in the fact of the rapid increase of the Jewish population, notwithstanding the great poverty among them. The number of Jews in Russia is variously estimated; the Jewish authorities fix the figure at from three and a half to four millions, but Russian statisticians declare that there are about four and a half millions, and the annual increase is said to be a fraction under three per cent. The Jews generally marry very early, boys of eighteen wedding girls of sixteen. According to the official returns, thirty-eight per cent. of the men, and sixty-eight per cent. of the women, are married under the age of twenty, and twenty-nine per cent. of the men and twenty-three per cent. of the women between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. There are no adult bachelors, and widowers almost always take a second wife. The number of illegitimate births is only three per cent., and the general percentage of deaths of children is remarkably small, as compared with that among the Russian population.

Although not forbidden the use of spirits by their religion, the Jews are almost invariably temperate. Their dwellings, particularly in the towns, would often be condemned by any sanitary authority as unfit for human habitation; and the clothing of the poor is scanty and dirty in the extreme, but many habits of cleanliness are enforced by religious custom; and the Jews attain great ages, and are remarkably free from the epidemics of disease which make such havoc among their neighbors. That they have many noble sentiments, is evidenced by the strength of the religious principle which makes them cling to their creed in spite of the enormous temptations which the government holds out to converts to the Greek faith. Their charity is marvelous; and the calls on the richer members of the community for the support of the poor and infirm are never unheeded. Under every disadvantage, education is eagerly sought; and the success of the Jews in the arts and sciences is a wonderful testimony to the intellectual powers of the race. But perhaps the most remarkable feature in the character of the Jew is that instinctive pride in his origin, and

belief in the future of his people, which is his real solace under all persecution, and which has, more than anything else, tended to the preservation of the Jewish race during centuries of trials, sufferings, and persecution, such as would have effectually effaced any less tenacious and powerful nationality.

Having thus reviewed the general occupations and characteristics of the Russian Jew, we may next consider the attitude towards him of the Christian population by whom he is surrounded. The educated classes in the empire are not without an innate prejudice against the Israelite, but the remonstrances of foreign nations have forced them to recognize that the barbarous treatment of which the Jews have been so frequently the victims, is a disgrace to the nation. Wholesale merchants and manufacturers, whether Russian or foreigners, are, from motives of self-interest, inclined to favor the Jews for their business capacity; and the monopoly in trade which they have secured in many provinces, renders their services almost indispensable. But whatever may be the feelings of men of superior education, and of the mercantile class, the immediate fate of the numerous Jews inhabiting country districts lies in the hands of the ignorant peasantry by whom they are surrounded. If the idea once gains ground among the *moujiks* that the government contemplates a new campaign against the Jews, the disgraceful scenes of 1881 are sure to be repeated, and Europe will once more be shocked by tales of violence and outrage, of which the Jews will be the victims.

The Russian peasant is not generally fanatical in matters of religion, except as regards the schisms which are daily gaining ground in the Greek Church. His ordinary indifference is sufficiently evidenced by his amicable relations with the numerous Protestant and Catholic races in his country, with Mohammedan Tatars, and with pagan Kalmucks. The causes of attacks on the Jews must therefore be traced to the general feeling of dissatisfied restlessness in the country, to the low state of morals among the peasantry, and to the prevalent idea that, as the government refuses most of the ordinary privileges of citizenship to the Jew, he can have no right to the attainment of a degree of material prosperity superior to that of his neighbors. The ignorant agriculturists, who earn their bread with difficulty by the toil of their lands, are naturally inclined to see an injustice in the possi-

bility of others, who have been officially declared their inferiors, gaining a livelihood without bodily exertion. Dislike of the Jews, and the impression that they may probably be maltreated with impunity, are sometimes encouraged by the nature of their relations with the petty local officials. Corruption is but too common among the latter; and the Jew who finds himself continually hampered by his legal disabilities, is naturally tempted to evade the law by bribing those who are intrusted with its execution. The bribery, which commences with the endeavor to obtain natural, although illegal rights, does not stop at that point; and the Jew who has found the power of his money, and the underpaid *tchinovnik* who has discovered the ease with which he may add to his income, are soon tempted to combine for purposes which are both illegal and immoral, and of which the ignorant peasantry are sometimes the victims.

Much as the *tchinovnik* appreciates the value of the money which he puts in his pocket, he detests and despises the man from whom he receives it, and who has, nevertheless, practically become his master. He keeps a smooth face to the particular individuals with whom he is in league, but he is loud in his general denunciations of the whole Jewish race. The peasant smarts under the injustice which he traces to the power of the gold of the Jew, and he echoes the sentiments of the *tchinovnik*, and reasons that if the latter could be absolved from personal responsibility, by the outbreak of a general riot, he would be only too glad to see the Jews suffer, and would carefully refrain from identifying or prosecuting particular rioters.

These special reasons for enmity to the Jew do not, however, often exist; and it is interesting to note the differences in the conduct and sentiments of the populace in different places where disturbances occurred at the time of the last widespread anti-Jewish riots.

The officially recognized rabbi in Odessa, Dr. Schwabacher, dwelt much on this subject, in a memorial on behalf of the Jews, which he presented to Count Koutaisoff, the president of a commission which was sent to inquire into the causes of the disorders. The rabbi argued that the general character of the riots did not testify to a universal feeling among the people of intolerance towards the Jews. He traced the origin of the riots in Odessa to the mischievous propensities of idle boys, who, being temporarily unchecked,

were soon joined by the scum of the population of a seaport town. At Elizabethgrad, Kieff, and Smiela, he observed that the outrages on the Jews were acknowledged to have been the result of the general vandalism and barbarity of the mob, and not of any deep or especial hatred of the Jewish race. In some other towns, before the outbreaks commenced, honest Russians begged the Jews to place their valuables in security, as on the morrow everything found in their houses must be broken and destroyed; and carts were even offered to assist in the removal of their effects. One instance is recorded by the rabbi, in which a deputation of Christian workmen waited upon a Jewish manufacturer, and thus addressed him: "Master, we are satisfied with you, and you are satisfied with us, but what can be done against the ukaz (imperial decree)? To-morrow we must break and destroy all your property; but if you will give us a certificate in writing, signed with your full name, and undertaking all responsibility with the authorities for our not fulfilling the ukaz, then we will agree not to touch anything of yours."

Dr. Schwabacher is perhaps inclined to take too favorable a view of the general relations between his co-religionists and their Russian neighbors; but his general argument as to the non-existence of any deep-rooted and passionate hatred between the two races appears to be perfectly correct. Throughout a large portion of the country, the peasants conceived the idea that the authorities would not only wink at, but would approve plans for plundering the Jews. They made no secret of their intentions; and in every town which was devastated, the coming pillage was the talk of the neighborhood for days before the actual riot occurred. A curious illustration was given by a correspondent of the *Moscow Gazette*, who reported that large numbers of peasants assembled one market-day in the village of Zachariievka in the Tiraspol district, and in consequence of a rumor that the Jews were to be attacked and plundered on that day, some three hundred empty carts came in, and numbers of women prepared sacks. When the local police officer asked the peasants what they had come for, both men and women promptly and naively replied: "It seems that the Jews are to be beaten to-day, and perhaps something may fall to our lot." The opportune arrival of troops prevented the disturbance taking place; but it is evident that up to the last moment the peasants believed

that they would be allowed with impunity to despoil the Jews, and without displaying any excitement or particular animosity against their victims, they were determined to take advantage of the chance of enriching themselves. Had the outbreak taken place, those Jews who defended their property would, as in other places, have suffered in their persons; and when the mob had become excited with their work and intoxicated with stolen booty, their barbarity would have increased, and Jewish women and girls would not have escaped ill-treatment and ravishment. Robbery of a weaker and alien race has throughout the history of the world been a principal motive for the attacks of one nationality upon another, and the preceding illustrations show that it has been a main cause of the persecution of the Jews by the Russian peasantry.

We now turn to the consideration of the circumstances which have produced the present moral and social condition of the Russian Jews.

The corruption, greed of money, and exclusiveness of which the Jew is accused, are, as far as they exist, directly traceable to the position assigned to him by the law. Corruption of officials, and combination among themselves, are the only resources which the Jews find for mitigating their position, and the necessity of employing bribes is a powerful incentive to the passion for money-getting, while the advantages derived from combination directly tend to produce a spirit of exclusiveness. The experience of ages of persecution has taught the Jew that wealth is the only power which he can acquire and employ with effect, and the necessity of its acquisition has become a part of the creed of the race. Gifted with untiring energy, and almost invariably superior in intellect and in traditional civilization to the nations into whose lands their wanderings have led them, the jealousy of the inferior races has ever failed to crush the Jews. Legislation, backed by brute force, and by the passions of the populace, has throughout the history of Europe endeavored to exclude them from all honorable and profitable employments; but thrift, industry, sobriety, and talent, have, under the unflinching influence of economical laws, always put money into the pocket of the Jew, and he has ever been in a position to lend or to bribe. The man who can bribe his enemies and make loans to his friends may be despised and disliked, but he cannot be completely crushed.

Circumstances forced the Jews to be-

come usurers, and in the Middle Ages it may be noted that usury was considered to be their natural and legitimate occupation. By a statute of the emperor Charles V. it was enacted that, "As the Jews pay heavier taxes than Christians, and are debarred from government service, and from all respectable professions and industries by which they might pay their taxes and obtain a livelihood, we permit them for their necessities to take a higher rate of interest for their money than is allowed to Christians; and this shall not be a reproach to them."

Though still excluded from the government service, the Jews in Russia are nominally allowed to occupy themselves in various trades and professions. To enter almost any profession, it is, however necessary to pass through one of the universities, and to obtain educational certificates, and the Jew in seeking to acquire these is often much hampered by the prohibitions which prevent his residing in the town where he could most conveniently undertake his studies. Many other restrictions stand in his way; and even when he perseveres, he finds that in a country where success is especially dependent upon official protection, every obstacle is put in his path by the prejudices of Christian officials. By a decree of 1888, only three per cent. of the students in the universities of St. Petersburg and Moscow are permitted to be of Jewish origin, and five per cent. is the proportion fixed for Odessa. The present minister of education has admitted twelve per cent. at Odessa, but even this concession leaves the Jews under very considerable disabilities, as it is estimated that out of a population of three hundred thousand there are one hundred and six thousand Israelites.

The owning, hiring, or management of land, and consequently all agricultural occupations, are practically prohibited by law to the Jew, even in the provinces where he is allowed to reside; and should he inherit land outside these provinces, he is obliged immediately to sell it. In 1830 some Jewish agricultural settlements were founded in the south, and the settlers are now supposed to number about one hundred thousand. The alleged comparative failure of this experiment is a frequent matter of reproach against the Jews, and they are taunted with their incapacity for honest agricultural occupations. A good trader, however, is not likely to become a good agriculturist; and the son of a trader, the descendant of a race of traders, can

hardly be expected to compete successfully as a farmer, with the son of a farmer, the descendant of a race of agriculturists. Trade is the chief resource which remains open for gaining a livelihood, but the laws which restrict residence to certain provinces often impede business, by preventing the undertaking of necessary journeys. The pressure and evil effects of the severe competition among Jewish traders have already been alluded to. The unnatural competition, almost prohibitory of honest profits, in those branches of business where small capital is required, is distinctly traceable to the legal disabilities of the Jew. Hundreds of thousands of Jews are crowded into a limited area in which all the natural requirements of business could be satisfied by a tenth of their number; and where one man might be an honest and useful trader, ten will be reduced to the verge of starvation, and will be almost irresistibly tempted to seek a profit in fraud.

Beyond, however, the better-known circumstances and laws which determine the residence and choice of occupation by the Jew, there are numerous statutes which affect his position, and add to his difficulties. In the matter of taxation he is saddled with several special imposts. Besides paying the ordinary taxes for the benefit of the poor, he is obliged specially to provide for the destitute of his own race, who are excluded from the communal system which secures relief to the distressed Russian peasant.

The Mosaic creed compels the custom of buying meat from butchers of the Jewish faith, and in all towns a special tax is levied upon the Israelite purveyors, which is necessarily paid by the consumer in the enhanced price of his provisions. A curious impost called the candle-tax was originally instituted to provide education for the Jews, but no accounts are rendered of the receipts, and besides paying both this and the ordinary educational taxes, the Jews have been obliged to found private schools for the benefit of their youth. Teachers' schools were once established at Jitomir and at Wilna, but neither are now maintained, and the building which was erected at the former place out of Jewish funds has recently been taken by the government to use as a criminal courthouse. The schools were founded during the reign of the emperor Nicholas, and that monarch pursued a generally liberal policy towards his Jewish subjects. He desired to prepare the way for their gradual assimilation with the people, and he

took an important step in abolishing the special costume, and fashion of wearing the hair, which had previously been obligatory.

As regards public worship, the Jews enjoy a fair amount of toleration, and a certain number of rabbis are officially recognized, though they do not obtain the same privileges as the ecclesiastical representatives of other faiths. Proselytism is naturally strictly forbidden, and is indeed contrary to the ideas of Judaism. On the other hand, great temptations are offered by statute to the Jew to desert the faith of his fathers, and in this respect the Russian laws are most severe, and even demoralizing in their tendency.

The Jew who accepts Christianity immediately obtains all the privileges of the other Christian subjects of the czar, and in addition he is freed from all taxation for a period of three years, and can also receive a small sum of money from the government. No man can sign a legal bond in Russia being under the age of twenty-one, and no marriage is legal where the bridegroom is not at least eighteen and the bride sixteen years of age; but the son of Jewish parents, who has attained the age of fourteen, can declare his desire to accept the Greek faith, and is immediately absolved from the authority of his parents and guardians. Again, if either a husband or a wife shall resolve to embrace Christianity, the formal reception into the Christian Church—which must by law be a public ceremony—annuls, if desired, the contract of marriage with the partner who adheres to the Jewish faith. And not only is marriage annulled, but a proselytized husband is freed from all obligation to support his Jewish wife and children, and may either finally desert them, or may compel his wife to yield up the children that they may be forcibly baptized. That this law is no idle letter, is proved by an example quoted in a work by S. G. Orshansky, the publication of which was permitted in Russia. Orshansky relates that a Jew named Kaufman, after living seven years with his wife, who had borne him two children, became enamoured of a Christian girl. His wife refusing her consent to a divorce, he freed himself for a second marriage by renouncing the Jewish faith. For two years he contributed nothing to the support of his first wife and her children, and then he resolved upon claiming his son. The woman refusing to part with her child, was brought in chains to her birthplace, Ostrog, and lodged in the common jail

until the boy was discovered and forcibly baptized. In such circumstances, not only is the unfortunate Jewess legally deserted by her husband, but, by a strange inconsistency, the law which declares the marriage void as regards the Christianized husband, and allows him to marry again, maintains the validity of the contract as regards the wife, and thus prevents her from finding another protector for herself and her children. Again, if one of a married couple embraces Christianity, the restrictions, as to place of residence, remain in force for the individual who continues in the Jewish faith, and consequently, the convert can only obtain his full privileges of Christianity by deserting the partner who remains faithful to the penalized religion. Similarly, a Jew whose exceptional civil status is recognized by the law as giving him free choice of residence, is nevertheless prohibited from giving shelter even to an aged mother, or any distressed relation, who has not independently acquired the same rights.

Such, out of numerous examples, are a few of the more striking laws which injuriously affect the position of the Jews in Russia, and cannot but tend to deteriorate their morals, and to diminish their material prosperity. Commenting on this subject, Dr. Schwabacher, in the memorial already mentioned, observes: "The common people reason that if the government take from the Jews their moral rights, they may ignore their material rights. This is the logic of the peasantry, and it is worked out with thick sticks and stones. Only when it is seen that the law accords to the Jew the full rights of a citizen, will it be believed that the Jew cannot be ill-treated and insulted without evil consequences to his prosecutors."

Unfortunately the authorities who are principally responsible in the matter have persevered for some years in a system of steadily increasing severity towards the Jewish race. Under the pretence of endeavors to meet the difficulties of the Jewish question, measure after measure has been proposed, and many have been carried into effect, all tending to aggravate the disabilities under which the Jew now labors. He is expected to be like other men, and yet he is signalled out by repressive legislation as an alien who in every respect differs from other men. The advocates of the cause of the Jews, and those who have most right to speak in their name, declare that their only desire is to be treated as ordinary citizens, and to be allowed to prove their devotion to

the czar their ruler, and to the country in which they have been born, and which they would fain call their Fatherland.

In conclusion, it may be appropriate to quote the final sentences of a memorial presented to the Council of Ministers by a committee of Jewish delegates assembled in St. Petersburg from all parts of the empire. "We have hitherto spoken chiefly as Jews, but we cannot separate our sentiments as Jews from our sentiments as citizens of the Russian Empire, which we have long inhabited, and to the progress of which we have, equally with other races, contributed both our blood and our property. No law can forbid us from considering ourselves as true subjects of the sovereign and of the Fatherland. No persecution can eradicate from our breasts the feeling of pious adoration of our monarch, on whose mercy we continually wait, and for whose health and welfare we continually pour forth our ardent prayers to the Most High. In the name of these sentiments of deep devotion to the czar and to the Fatherland, and in the name of the sacred interests of the tranquillity and prosperity of our native land, we dare to petition the government to remove the ancient bonds which fetter us, and to grant us to breathe freely in our Fatherland, on an equality with all the other races who inhabit it.

"We are confident that a brighter day is approaching; but in view of the unheard-of miseries which at this moment weigh down upon us, we pray that, to tranquillize our minds, an official contradiction may be given to the rumor concerning the preparation of new measures adverse to the Israelites, and that the action of the laws restricting their liberty to dwell throughout the empire may be stayed."

From The Cornhill Magazine.
EIGHT DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TOUCHSTONE OF PERIL."

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver. — *Othello*.

CHAPTER IX.
IN THE MALL.

At last! The tyranny is overpast! The fierce turmoil of the sunshine is over. The grievous day is done. The joyful hours of darkness are at hand. The evening time is short, but it is cool and pleasant. People rush out to enjoy it.

Every English person in Khizrabad is now preparing to come forth from the dank confinement of the darkened bungalows. Before each bungalow stands a vehicle of some kind, or a horse.

Philip Lennox is standing in the pretty porch of Mr. Wynn's house by the side of his splendid coal-black charger and of May Wynn's pony. He is patting that honest but ugly beast — he is a hill pony, and therefore not handsome — affectionately. Does he not carry his lady-love, the sweetest lady upon the earth? And now May Wynn herself comes forth, bright and fair as the dawn. And now Lennox is helping her to mount. What a thrill passes through his frame as he feels the touch of her little foot on his hand. And May Wynn, too, thinks that she has never been helped to mount so delightfully before; so gently and yet so firmly, so exactly well. The strong men shoot you up too fast, and the weak men lug you up too slowly; but here was an exact adjustment of strength. That was a hand to be trusted to. They have ridden through the English quarter. They have passed out at the Jumoo Gate. The portion of the fine road leading out of that gateway which lies between it and the cantonment forms the Khizrabad Mall. The wide width of the metalled centre which forms the carriage-drive, the earthen tracks between the beautiful avenues of trees on either side, one of which is used as a walk and the other as a ride, are all three carefully watered, and hence the natives call the Mall the *Thundee Suruk* (the "cool road"). How delightfully cool and fresh it is! How sweet the smell of the freshly sprinkled earth!

May Wynn has on a linen riding-habit, and her pony has a big barrel and short legs and a very shaggy mane, and so the comparison that has often suggested itself to Lennox before occurs to him again.

"I am riding by the side of Una on her lion," says he, gazing tenderly into her eyes.

"And I am riding by the side of Sir Launcelot," she says, gazing softly into his.

Ah, those first dear looks of love, into which the veiled future throws its deep and tender spirit.

They see young Walton and young Hill coming quietly down the ride in the distance, and then they see them suddenly put their ponies in motion and come rushing towards them at racing speed.

"I have won it!" cries the pretty, girl-faced Louisa Hill, as he pulls up a little

in front of them. "I have won it! I am to be the first to congratulate you, Miss Wynn!"

"Oh, thank you," cries May, in her soft, sweet, tender voice. Her cheeks were always pale, and have become the paler by reason of even these few months in India; but now there is on them a tender, rosy tint like the earliest blush of dawn — bright presage, friendly hearts would have said, of a coming glorious day.

"But is it so indeed?" cries the Babe, as he too has come up, and pulled up, and lifted his hat, and given good-evening.

"Are you indeed engaged, Miss Wynn?"

"Yes," says May softly, the sweet blush deepening on her cheek.

"Ah!" cries the Babe, in a tone of anguish, and he turns up his eyes, and smites his bosom. "Ah, procrastination! procrastination! Oh, the evils of delay! Delays are dangerous! I wrote it in my copy-book — very often."

"What is the matter, you silly boy?" says May Wynn.

"Do you not know it? Have you not seen it? He never told his love, but let concealment like a worm in the bud prey upon his damaged physiog — I had proposed to myself to propose to you — this very day."

"Oh, had you?" says May, laughing.

"Then everything would have been changed. You would have accepted me?"

"Of course," says May, smiling.

"And I should have been the happiest of men!"

"Say *boys*," interpolates May quietly.

"But 'they have given thee to another,'" cries the Babe, quoting the words of a then popular song. "And I am broken-hearted," and he puts his hand before his eyes.

"Cheer up, my hearty!" cries Loo Hill, entering into the fun, such as it is, of the scene.

"But perhaps it is not too late even now," says the Babe, speaking very rapidly; he has a great flow of language at his command when he chooses. "Captain Lennox, having now become acquainted with the state of my feelings, will have no hesitation, I am sure, in waiving the claim which his prior action has given him."

"None at all," says Lennox.

"But what nonsense I am talking. I do congratulate you most heartily, Miss Wynn; every one will. Come along, Louisa!" And the two silly boys dash off again.

Under the stately portico of the Bank House, a fine two-storied building standing by the side of the public garden, and at the immediate edge of the city proper, stands a handsome carriage with a handsome pair of horses in it. Mr. Hilton occupies the upper story of the house as his private residence. This upper story has given the numerous dances that have taken place here during the past "cold season" a special advantage; there was a springy boarded floor to dance on. Of course people said that Mrs. Hilton had given so many dances in order to marry her newly-come-out daughters. There is no reason why parents should not try to settle their daughters as well as their sons. That motive influenced her, no doubt. But she gave so many dances for the same reason that leads us to do most things, because she liked it—liked it in every way. She loved the gay, bright scene; she was of a gay, bright temperament; she liked to see her friends about her; she was very hospitable; she was very fond of dancing; she liked the preparing of the supper and the eating of it; she liked to see people enjoying themselves. Mrs. Hilton knew nothing of metaphysics, nothing of the juggles of thought; mysticism and materialism were words too long for her; she had not reflected on the foundation of morals or what gave them their obligatory force. The Church catechism which she had learnt as a child, and the Prayer-book and the Bible, and the unwritten law of what was "nice," supplied her with her guiding principles, her rules of conduct. She loved the services of the Church, of the simple kind to which she had been accustomed in her father's church. Daily services and daily celebration would have seemed to her a making common of holy things—too much like Papistry. The morning and evening service on Sundays and an evening service on Wednesday seemed to her sufficient. She received the Communion three or four times in the year, after much solemn and heartfelt preparation. She read her chapter in the Bible and said her prayers morning and evening. If she liked to put on a pretty bonnet when she went to church on a Sunday, and if her quick eyes took note there of the bonnets of every one else, she also prayed there devoutly and fervently. If she loved merriment she also loved goodness. She was fond of pleasure, but it never came before duty. If, in the words of the old song, she "loved to see the dolphins play," she also "minded the compass and her way."

If she liked every kind of sociability, if she loved every kind of amusement—picnics, by day or by night, on land or on water, dinners, balls—home was really the centre of her deepest thoughts and affections, of her interests and labors. She had proved herself an excellent daughter, wife, and mother. She liked everything that was nice: nice things, nice people, nice principles, nice ways.

Mrs. Hilton is standing on the steps of the verandah. About her is a redundant air of happiness and health. Those were the days in which life was made delightful once a week by the genius of John Leech. Mary Wade had been, and Mary Hilton was now, a living type of those peculiarly English girls and women whom John Leech so loved to draw, and of whom he has left us so many charming representations—on horseback or on the sea-beach, in the garden or in the drawing-room. She had a somewhat full but well-built figure, a round, rather full-cheeked, comely face, a good mouth and chin, nose a little turned up, large, grey eyes, a full forehead, pretty, auburn hair, as yet untouched with grey. Mr. Hilton now descends the broad staircase—which is to become so memorable—and joins his wife. Knowing that he is the manager of the bank, you are somewhat surprised at his distinctly military air and bearing. He had been in the Company's army, but finding the promotion in his regiment very slow he had left it in order to follow mercantile pursuits, for which he had a natural aptitude. And now the two girls are coming down the staircase, and as Mrs. Hilton watches them descending, the sight that gives her so much pleasure sends a sudden shadow across her face. Though she looks so bright and cheerful, she has had a great sorrow hanging round her heart to-day; Agnes had told her what had happened in the public garden that morning. She had of course observed that Captain Lennox had shown a great liking for her eldest daughter, and it had seemed to her that Maud had a great liking for him. How far had that liking gone? If to the extent of love, it would be a terrible thing for Maud; for from what Agnes had said it appeared that there could now be no doubt what Lennox's feelings with regard to Maud were. "He had no eyes for any one but her; he had no thought for any one but her; he did not praise Maud for being so brave—how he would have done so a few months ago! he did not seem to care that she might have been bitten by the snake," Agnes had

cried, angrily and indignantly. "And then he must see Miss Wynn home!"

Mrs. Hilton had not been angry or indignant—Lennox had not carried his attentions so far as to make it dishonorable for him to withdraw; May Wynn had used no unworthy arts to win him—but she had been very sorrowful. Lennox was not the man to win the fancy of every girl; but his very repellant qualities, his hardness and strong self-will, were congenial and attractive to Maud. Of all the women she had known, Maud was the one most suitable to Lennox; of all the men she had seen, Lennox was the one most suitable to Maud. And it was not to be so. It was very sad—very disappointing. They had seemed, in the common saying, made for one another. But what troubled Mrs. Hilton most was the question of the extent to which her daughter's feelings had been affected. Maud was so reserved and self-controlled that even her watchful anxious mother's eye had not been able to determine this. Maud is not one to love lightly or easily, but she will love deeply and long. If she now has cause for grief it will be a deep and bitter grief. The wound will be a cankering one—it will embitter her life; or, if that be too strong a saying—for with few or none does the deepest wound to the affections, the loss of the most beloved, of father or mother or child, of husband or wife, embitter the whole of life; time cures the deepest—it would certainly cause her a long period of sorrow and suffering. With her the anguish would be more poignant and last longer than with most. And so a cloud, not acknowledged but felt, has hung over the ladies of the house to-day. Now there comes something to brighten them up.

Just as they have all seated themselves in the carriage the postman comes up, and Mr. Hilton asks him eagerly for the letters. Looking at them quickly, he hands them all to a servant—those are bank letters—all but one. This he opens eagerly as the carriage rolls easily along.

"Hooroosh!" he cries, with a flourish of the letter. "Good news—good news! I have turned up the king. That opium speculation has turned out a hit, Moll. I have made a lakh of rupees."

"Hurrah!" cries Mrs. Hilton. "And I hope you will keep it, Tom," she adds.

Mr. Hilton was a man of a very sanguine temperament and fond of speculations, which turned out badly as well as well.

"Yes, I will," says Mr. Hilton. "It is a nuisance to get five or six per cent. instead of ten or twenty, but I will invest this money safely for you and the children, Moll. I promise you that."

For the moment Mrs. Hilton has forgotten all about the griefs of the daughter, whose knees her own knees touch. She has many children at home—she is one of those women who like and have large families—many boys to be sent out into the world; and now that her husband has left the service she has no pension for herself and her children to look forward to, as have all of her lady friends here.

To Maud Hilton this great gain seems as nothing compared with her own probable great loss. Life is personal. We are all very near to ourselves. But there is something in it that addresses itself very strongly to one side of her character.

"I am so glad," she says to her father, "of your success, not only because it brings you so much money, but because it is success. That is why it must be such a great thing to be a man. They engage in big things. They can project great schemes and have them succeed."

"And have them fail."

"Of course—but that makes success all the more satisfactory. Men can command armies, rule kingdoms."

The words bring Mrs. Hilton's thoughts back to the impending catastrophe. That is a favorite conjunction of words with Captain Lennox. She has often heard him say that a man's great ambition should be to command an army, to rule a kingdom; it evidently was his own.

"Well, I do not know that I have ever heard of a woman commanding an army, but there is one woman who governs a kingdom very well."

Under the portico of the Fanes' house stands a magnificent Calcutta-made barouche, on the panels of which are emblazoned the Fane coat-of-arms. The portly, long-bearded coachman wears in front of his huge turban a silver badge with the Fane crest in the centre; the trimly clad grooms, who carry handsome whisks, made of the silvery hair from the tail of the yak set in handles of silver, have the same badge in front of their turbans too. The horses are large and splendid and the harness silver-mounted, with the Fane crest on the saddle and blinkers. And outside the portico stands a smart dog-cart, between whose shafts is a very pretty little country-bred mare—great trotters they. And then from the bungalow, all

the doors and windows of which are now being thrown wide open, come forth as handsome a couple as you would see anywhere — the beautiful Beatrice Fane and the handsome William Hay. "Wha sae fair as Willie O?" And he helps her into the dog-cart, and they whirl away. To be seated behind a fast-trotting horse with the girl you love by your side is very delightful — and the swift motion through the fast-cooling air raises their already high spirits higher.

And now Mrs. Fane comes out of the house — a stately lady fitted for stately equipages. Pride is obviously the predominant quality in Mrs. Fane's nature; you see it in the glance of her eye, in the curl of the short upper lip, in the way the high-instepped foot is placed on the ground. Is she not married to the grandson of an earl, to a Fane? Is it not her greatest grief that society in India is composed of middle-class people, and that there precedence goes by official rank and not by birth? Has she not had to go in to dinner behind the wives of collectors, who were the daughters of London tradesmen? One has to come in contact with all sorts of people, and Mrs. Fane is always courteous — "D——n her condescension!" some men have been heard to say — but in her heart of hearts she holds that there are but two classes, the aristocracy and the *canaille*. But if she is very proud, she is also a clever, kind-hearted woman, a woman of culture and breeding. If those whom her pride hurts do not like her, those whom it does not hurt like her very much. And now Major Fane comes forth in immaculate white-duck trousers and a light silk blouse, *bien ganté, bien chaussé* — quite "point-de-vise." And now comes forth the "flitting fairy" Lilian, "airy fairy" Lilian, the girl of "sweet sixteen," in all the bloom of her youth and beauty and innocence. And Mrs. Fane enters the carriage and seats herself in the luxurious silk-lined seat in her usual stately manner; and then Lilian, putting a hand on either side of the opening, lifts herself in, without putting her foot on the step, with a swing; to her mother's horror. The girl is so full of health and happiness that they lift her off the ground. She is ready to skip for joy. And then Major Fane gets in in his quiet, deliberate way. The different modes in which the same quality of pride displays itself in Major Fane and his wife affords a curious subject of study; but this is a simple narrative of events, which will soon press upon us, and we have not space for

any elaborate analysis or lengthy setting forth of character.

The stately equipage is soon rolling over the beautifully smooth surface of the Mall; and now there is a constant lifting of the hat, a continual exchange of nods and smiles. The Mall is crowded with vehicles of every kind: barouches and landaus, the newly introduced Victoria phaeton, palanquin-carriages (*sej gharies*, as the natives call them, *sej* being their corruption of chaise), dog-carts, and the universally used buggy, the possession of which was held needful before a young man could marry. And you observe that the syces or grooms run behind the various vehicles; we once had running footmen in England. And the white-faced children are in their little carriages or on their little ponies, with their dark-faced ayahs and bearers by their sides. On the walk, cool and pleasant though its well-watered surface be, and though there is now no annoyance from the dust upon it, you see but few pedestrians; but the ride on the other side is crowded with equestrians. Among these you may observe our two young friends, Tommy Walton and Loo Hill.

"Here they come," says the latter, glancing over his shoulder towards the advancing carriage of the Fanes.

"Now, my boy, just you take the old woman's side. If you play me the trick you did last evening and take the other, I will punch your head for you when we get home."

And no sooner has the carriage passed than the young fellows, having made their salutations, set their well-groomed ponies in motion, catch up the carriage, and proceed to ride one on either side of it; Hill, obedient to the behest of his friend, taking the right, that on which Mrs. Fane sits, while Tommy takes the other. The pretty Lilian blushes as she observes the disposition; there is a pretty admixture of amusement and tenderness on her face. And while Hill nobly engages the attention of mother and father, Walton, riding with his hand on the side of the carriage, bends his head and enters into low and eager talk with Lilian. Their eyes meet and make great play. And then she turns hers coyly away, and only treats him to fitful glances. And to watch those sudden, coquettish glances, and her pretty little playful, sometimes scornful, smiles, and to observe the deep solemnity, meant for manly gravity, that had settled down on young Walton's face, would have made an old man laugh — or cry. The young

fellow has evidently got the love-fever badly. It is said that this disease, like the whooping-cough, is worst when taken in old age; but it can be very violent in youth too, as the lapse of very many years, of many years of official toil, has not yet caused one to forget. Master Tommy is "head-over-heels"—no, he would have considered the employment of that expression in connection with his case derogatory—madly, passionately, desperately, or, as he would have said himself, most seriously in love. For he means this love to progress to matrimony. The fewness of his years, and the fewness of the rupees that constitute his monthly income, seem to him no bar. He has collected authentic instances of fellows who had married when only ensigns. And did not the Funds make ample provision for one's widow and children?

But this is band-evening, and now they have reached the little, open plain where the band plays, and on to which the stream of carriages and equestrians is passing, and Master Tommy has to abandon that sweet propinquity, that delightful proximity.

Everybody is at the band. Old Brigadier Moss and Mrs. Moss in their big barouche, and stout old Colonel Barnes, with his jolly-looking, mahogany-colored face, in his easy buggy, and Major Coote in his sporting cart, and Colonel Grey on horseback, and Doctor Campbell, the civil surgeon, and his wife, in their landau, and Mr. Wynn in his little Victoria phaeton. And here comes Mr. Melvil with his four-in-hand. How beautifully he manages the splendid, well-matched team! He is a splendid whip; and on the coach-box with him is the pretty little widow, Mrs. Papillon; Mr. Melvil is a bit of a gay Lothario. And here comes the Rajah Gunput Rao in his handsome carriage, with a couple of troopers riding behind him. He is the only native who takes his pleasure on the Mall or at the band in the same way as the English people do. Leaving aside the bandsmen, and the ayahs, and bearers, and grooms, he is the only native here. The natives of the town are passing the evening hours in their own manner elsewhere. The usual routine is in progress here; the horsemen move from carriage to carriage; people descend from their carriages and walk about, and meet together and talk. Every one knows every one else. There is an air of easy, friendly sociability. Of course envy, hatred, and malice are not wanting in this society of Christian people. But the inequalities of

rank and fortune, which are such fruitful causes of them in England, do not operate to the same extent here. Here all are members of the same society; here all are on the same common plane of "the services." Here the income of every one is known to a rupee, his exact social status fixed. They are almost all members of the same English middle class, which out here to its huge delight, is elevated into the highest one. They are most of them school or college mates. They have almost all passed through the civil and military colleges of the East India Company, which has given them a common social training, given them a common social starting-point, given them common memories. There is a good deal of relationship among them. They have had the same experiences; they have all common friendships and acquaintanceships. There is a great community of thoughts and feelings and interests. Their complete separation from the people of the land draws them the more closely together.

And now there is a great commotion, as Lennox and May Wynn come riding up together. The news of their engagement has been noised abroad. Here is confirmation of it. A little crowd has soon gathered round them, congratulating them.

The Hiltons' carriage is drawn up on the opposite side of the stand, so that they have not seen the newly engaged couple arrive.

"I wonder what the commotion is about?" says Mrs. Hilton.

"What is the cause of this sudden commotion?" she asks of Colonel Grey, as that pleasant-looking officer pulls up by the side of their carriage. "Not an accident, I hope."

"Oh, no. An occasion for rejoicing, and not for mourning. Your services are likely to be required again," he says, looking toward the sisters seated together on the back seat.

"Our services?" says Agnes.

"Yes."

"As how?" asks Agnes.

But Maud knew; her heart had told her.

"As bridesmaids, to be sure."

"As bridesmaids!"

"Colonel Grey means that Captain Lennox and May Wynn are also engaged to be married," says Maud quietly.

Her mother and sister both turn their eyes upon her, though they would they could not. They both marvel at the wonderful self-command that keeps her face so free from emotion, so unperturbed, her

voice at its ordinary modulation. And truly this display of self-control was as great as if she had allowed the glowing, quivering end of a red-hot bar of steel to be applied to her flesh without wincing, without moving a muscle or uttering a cry.

"That is it," says Colonel Grey; "I suppose you knew it was coming?"

"Yes," says Maud quietly.

"They have just ridden up together, and every one is rushing up to congratulate them. I have just done so," says Colonel Grey.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE PALACE.

WE have said that no natives of the better class are to be seen on the Mall or at the band; that they are amusing themselves otherwise elsewhere. The chief of these evening amusements at this season of the year is the flying of paper kites — "kite fighting." The kite strings are coated over with a smooth paste, into which very fine pounded glass is introduced, and as the kites fly in the air the string of one kite is made to fall across the string of another, and both are then let go, so that the strings run off the big wooden reels on which they are kept wound, just as a fishing line runs off its reel when the fish is darting away, until one string or the other gets cut, and the kite belonging to it floats away. The contest is watched by eager crowds, not only because of the interest that is aroused by any contest, such as that between the Oxford and Cambridge boat, because of the interest in one or the other of the kite-flyers, as in the Oxford or Cambridge crew, but because the crowd has a direct personal share in the amusement. By the law of the game the cut kite is lost to the owner (that element of loss is essential in every amusement), and becomes the property of any one who can catch it, and so the crowd enjoys the fun of a race, of a run for a prize. The kites when cut high up float away to long distances; the runners have to exercise their judgment as to where they are likely to fall.

At this season of the year you will of an evening see hundreds of kites, of every shape, and size, and color, floating over a native town. They are flown from the flat house-tops. The amusement is followed by grown-up men, by men of rank and station. The kite-flyer takes as deep an interest in the shape and size of his kite as our sporting men in the shape of greyhound or horse. There is often great

rivalry between the champion kite-flyers of a town.

The bright evening glow rests strongly against the lofty inner or cityward walls of the great palace fortress, for these face the west. In one of the bastions of the battlement stands a group of people, or rather two groups. This group consists of attendants, one of whom carries a handsome hooqah; another a peacock's tail set in a silver handle; another an earthenware water-bottle, and a cup made of silver beaten very thin, so as not to heat the cooled water when poured into it; another a large palm-leaf fan; while another bears a gilded chair, and another a gilded footstool. The other group consists of the nuwâb of Khizrabad, the master of this noble palace fortress, the descendant of a long line of princes, and two of his favorite courtiers. The most plainly dressed man of the three is the nuwâb. This royal house had once possessed world-famous jewels — and many of them still remained to it; had been preserved from the despoiling hands of the Afghan and the Mahratta, withheld from the pawnbroker and the money-lender; so that the royal person still blazes with gems when the nuwâb seats himself on the famous Peacock Throne, and holds a durbar, and the representative of the English power comes to pay his respects to him. But the only ornament the nuwâb wears at this present moment is the simple amulet bound round his left arm, a little above the elbow. It is only a little green bag of silk, with two silk strings attached to it, and within the bag is only a little square piece of jade. And yet more care has been devoted to the preservation of this heirloom than to the preservation of that other heirloom, the great diamond known as the "Mound of Light." For upon the piece of jade are certain cabalistic characters which were engraved upon it by that prince of magicians, King Solomon himself. As long as this mystic gem is in the possession of the royal house of Khizrabad, it is safe from utter destruction; it will remain royal still; however tempest-tossed, the bark cannot be lost.

The nuwâb wears a plain muslin long coat and a pair of silk pyjamas, so full in the legs as to give him the appearance of having on a petticoat; on his head is a little gold-embroidered muslin skull-cap, and on his feet a pair of green gold-embroidered slippers. He is a stout, middle-sized man, with a broad, good-humored, foolish-feeble face. The light of a full, strong manhood will never again shine

in his lack-lustre eyes or illumine his now wan-hued countenance. He has abused and wasted it. He is but a poor phantom man, as he is but a poor phantom king. When the English, superior in their struggles with the Mahrattas, had become masters of northern India, of this part of the great peninsula, they had thought it better to leave the king of Khizrabad on his throne, and work through his name and ancient authority. They left him all his titles and dignities, and assigned him a princely income. Within the walls of his own castle he still retained the full power of a monarch, the power of life and death; but those powers, being abused, had gradually been taken away. Tired of paying enormous debts, the English rulers had taken the management of the income and the lands from which it was derived into their own hands; and as the magic of the royal name began to fade away with themselves, as the need for its use disappeared, they began to treat it with less respect and reverence. It is difficult to keep up a sham. These things did not trouble the present occupant of the throne. That the representative of one of their most famous lines of princes who, by virtue of his office, was not only their temporal, but their spiritual head, should be a mere mock monarch, a mere puppet king, a prisoner in the hands of the infidel, a pensioner of their bounty, was most galling to his co-religionists. But his palace and his zenana, money enough for his personal wants, the respect and homage of a prince, these were all the nuwáb himself wanted. He was very well satisfied to have these secured to him by the English, in whose power he had a very confident trust.

He did not fail to remember, if others did, how greatly his grandfather had suffered when a prisoner in the rough hands of the Mahrattas, how he had been subjected to personal indignity and violence, had been straitened for his daily bread, until the English had delivered him; and how it was solely owing to those English that his royal house had continued to maintain an existence of any kind whatsoever. No, no, he was very well satisfied. A princely income, the pomp and show of royalty, without its cares, the possession of his palace, royal retinues and royal surroundings, these were enough for him. He did not care for power. He did not mind being a monarch only in name, a monarch without a kingdom, without a people. His position had its worries and discomforts; but what had

been the position of his immediate predecessors? He shuddered to think of it. There were members of his household who considered the present condition of things most irksome and intolerable — most degrading, most humiliating. That was all very well. But *he* enjoyed the present comfort; *he* would have to run the risks, the terrible risks, that any attempt to alter that condition of things would involve; *he* would have to bear the burden of active royalty.

The nuwáb is standing at the edge of the bastion, and gazing out intently over the lofty parapet wall. Beneath him lies the great city founded by his ancestors. There are the encircling battlements which gave it and them their power and importance. There is the lofty and massive mosque, with its beautiful, slender, soaring minarets. Behind him are the exquisite public halls and private chambers of the magnificent and once impregnable palace fortress they had reared for themselves, and in which they had lived so long and with such splendor. There is the majestic gateway, from the top of which floats forth their ensign and his own. And there, right before him, stands forth clear against the evening sky the Flagstaff Tower on the ridge, from which floats forth the English flag, the ensign of "the Company." There are the thatched roofs of the cantonment, the encampment of the foreign power that holds him and his kingdom in thrall. Is this strange conjunction raising sad or fierce thoughts in his mind? Not a bit of it. Is he thinking of the change, of the glorious past and the inglorious present? Not in the very least. He is gazing out over the lofty battlement, in order to watch the movements of two kites, with whose evolutions his mind is entirely occupied. The art of the game lies in making your kite outsoar the other, and then dive down so that your line may run over the other, with the advantage of the descending weight. The nuwáb sahib is watching the manoeuvring of two very large kites with breathless interest. And now the two strings have crossed, and they are allowed to run off the reels, and the lately taut-held kites now float loosely away. They keep floating away, until from the crowd of men and boys below arises a great shout, the held breath is let loose, and a cry of "*Vo kata*" (It is cut), and one of the kites becomes upright once more, and soars upward in all the triumph of success, while the other goes warping away on its side, in all the abandonment of defeat. It has been

cut high up in the air; it seems probable that it will fall within the palace walls. "It is coming this way! it is coming this way!" cries the nuwáb, in a tone of great excitement, and he moves to the end of the bastion, and shuffles along the top of the battlement as fast as his enfeebled frame and loose trousers and loose slippers will let him. The trailing string of the derelict kite passes over the battlement, close in front of the nuwáb. He puts out his hand and seizes it. He hauls the kite down with as great a sense of joy and triumph as ever soldier or sailor felt when he hauled down an enemy's flag. "I caught it myself! I caught it myself!" he cries, in tones of intense delight and triumph, to the courtiers and attendants who have followed him. They load him with applause, and felicitations, and congratulations.

Here were the very dregs of that energy, and activity, and fierce acquisitiveness which had founded this royal house.

From *The Leisure Hour*.

THE ROYAL COUPLE OF ROUMANIA.

ONE of the youngest among the new kingdoms that have arisen in Europe during the last half century is the kingdom of Roumania. As in all these newly established realms, some difficulty arose in finding a ruler willing to undertake the somewhat thorny task of shaping a constitution and organizing a nation. After various rebuffs, M. Bratiano, the Roumanian delegate, was in despair as to whither he should address himself in his search for a royal ruler. It happened that he narrated his perplexities one day at the Tuileries, while conferring with Napoleon III. The monarch for a moment thought of his cousin, Prince Napoleon; but, after consideration, decided that Prince Plon-Plon would feel too much out of place at Bucharest. Then it appears that a lady of the imperial court, one who had known the emperor since his boyhood, ventured to ask whether the Catholic Sigmaringen branch of the Hohenzollern family had ever been thought of. With this family the emperor had passed many hours of early youth, when he lived with his mother in the castle of Arenberg in Switzerland. The suggestion struck Napoleon as singularly happy, and he encouraged M. Bratiano to set out for Dusseldorf, where dwelt the mediatised Prince Antony, head of the house. This prince — whose rela-

tions with his cousins, the ruling house of Prussia, were somewhat strained owing to his pronounced Liberal opinions — was able to give his sons handsome allowances, so that they could live in a style not common to Prussian princelings or lieutenants. This fortune the father had acquired by stock exchange speculations in association with the notorious speculator Strousberg, the European railway king, whose hazardous business ventures were the talk of the Continent in the sixties and seventies. The eldest son of Prince Antony was the prince to whom later was offered the throne of Spain, and whose candidature formed the pretext for the outbreak of hostilities between France and Prussia.

Thus — curious irony of history — it was reserved for one brother to dethrone his former playmate; while the other — thanks to this same playmate — was raised to royal dignity. For Charles, now king of Roumania, is the second son of Prince Antony. He, unlike his father, was a favorite at the Berlin court, and at the time M. Bratiano came to him with his offer he was at Coblenz, serving as captain in the First Regiment of Dragoon Guards, where he was known as an officer of conspicuous merit and a shining example of good conduct in public and private life. It was his twenty-seventh birthday when M. Bratiano presented himself before him with his important offer.

All the Roumanian minister's eloquence was employed to paint to the prince in glowing colors the brilliant destiny that awaited him upon the banks of the Danube. He even ventured to promise — a promise fulfilled — that the princely diadem should be speedily converted into a royal crown. Prince Charles was tempted and dazzled, but before deciding he wished to consult Prince Bismarck.

This is the Iron Prince's own account of the matter: —

"People impute to me," he said one day to a friendly diplomat, "many things of which I am perfectly innocent, and it is only by reading the newspapers that I learn that I am the cause of this or that event. It is true that, on the other hand, I get credit for merits which I do not possess. For instance, it was considered a clever stroke on my part having placed Prince Charles of Hohenzollern on the throne of Roumania before the opening of the Austro-Prussian campaign. And yet I had very little to do with it. The prince came to see me one day, and, to my great astonishment, told me that the Roumanian

Boyars had offered him their sovereignty. As he asked my advice, I said, 'That is good promotion for a Prussian lieutenant, and there is no reason why you should not give it a trial. Although Roumania is a difficult country to govern on account of its semi-Asiatic customs, don't forget that you are a Hohenzollern. If you see that you can do no good there come back, but don't allow yourself to be treated like a Couza.'

"The prince then said that he had no time to obtain permission to resign his commission, and that he was afraid of being looked on as a deserter. 'I will undertake all responsibility with his Majesty,' I replied. And that is all I did in the matter."

Why there was such pressing haste to carry out this transaction does not appear, but in consequence King Charles's enemies to this day make out that he was degraded in the Prussian service as a deserter. This is untrue.

For reasons also not quite obvious, the prince mistrusted the Austrian police. He, therefore, travelled *incognito* and second-class across the realms of Francis Joseph, assuming the common name of Lehmann, the same name, curiously enough, that the late emperor William I. of Germany had taken when flying from Berlin in 1848. It was not until he had disembarked from the Austrian company's steamer that the young Lehmann, commercial traveller, dropped his disguise and appeared as his Royal Highness Prince Karol I. of Roumania.

This was in 1866. The fine soldierly bearing, the personal courage, the dark skin, eyes, and beard of Prince Charles, who, strange to say, though a Hohenzollern, is not fair, impressed his subjects favorably, and so did the energy he at once displayed in setting his realm in order. Still after a while the people fretted a little under his Prussian rigidity, and it was felt instinctively that a softer influence was needed to mitigate the monarch's involuntary harshness, which springs from no innate hardness, but from inborn northern inflexibility of temperament.

After three and a half years of struggles with great political difficulties, struggles in which he was nobly victorious, Prince Charles set forth to woo, in order that the softer elements might also be introduced into his reign. His aim was to obtain the hand of one of the most highly gifted princesses in all Europe, who years before had fallen involuntarily into his arms. If

it be true to say *cherchez la femme* wherever a domestic tragedy occurs, may it not be equally true to apply the saying when we see a country well ruled, content, and prosperous? The moral and social development of a country is largely due to woman, especially in these latter days. Queen Elizabeth of Roumania has certainly proved the good genius of her country, so much so indeed that her renown has almost swamped that of her husband. When the world speaks of Roumania, it thinks rather of its queen than of its king.

And the truth of this is beyond question. That the Prince of Hohenzollern, an alien, an unimaginative and inflexible Prussian, has been able to retain the throne, that he has overthrown intrigues, confounded conspiracies, that he has gained, if not the love, at least the sincere respect of his subjects, is due in great part to the lady who sits beside him, and who, a queen in the best and richest sense of the word, has made his paths smooth and has won the hearts of all that come in contact with her. A lovable woman truly; one of those magnetic presences to whom our hearts go out at first sight, we know not why; in whom a true and noble womanhood rises above the factitious dignity of royalty.

Nor is it only her qualities of heart that make Queen Elizabeth remarkable. Under the pseudonym of Carmen Sylva, she has made for herself a certain position in German literature as poet and novelist. The story of her life is full of interest.

Born in 1843, a daughter of Prince Hermann of Wied and his wife, a princess of Nassau (a couple of very superior intelligence), the little Elizabeth belonged to one of that innumerable class of petty German princes whose estates are often invisible. Her father, however, was regarded as a ruler, his realm the little area of Wied-neu-Wied upon Rhine, where his kindness and culture had made him and his clever wife much beloved.

Their only daughter was a robust, bright-eyed little girl, who had to be taught to read at the age of three in order to keep her occupied, and whose alert intelligence was afterwards trained with care both by her cultivated parents and by able tutors. She early distinguished herself by her knowledge of languages, her passion for poetry and music, and her genuine love of the fine arts. Nor were the strictly feminine branches of education neglected. Princess Elizabeth learned to play her

needle as deftly as her pen, her cooking-spoon as well as her drawing-pencil. But she was by no means a merely studious child. Her lively, animal spirits needed constant vent, and many a time would she manage to get outside the park, gather the village children about her, and prove the ringleader of wild and merry games. From the age of five it was her ardent desire—her ideal—to be a national schoolmistress; and when she was not romping with them it was her delight to gather the village children around her and teach them what she had just learned herself. There was not much etiquette in her father's little court, where sorrow and sickness had early taken up a permanent abode. The father was a chronic invalid, and the mother was prostrated for five years, while during the whole period of Princess Elizabeth's intellectual development, for eleven years, her youngest brother struggled wearily with a life of pain to which death hourly held out hopes of release.

To succor those in distress—to aid the poor and nurse the sick—was early taught her by precept and example, and with her ardent temperament, which is apt to exaggerate everything, there seemed at one time some danger that she would not have a dress to her back, so liberally did she dispose of her wardrobe to all who asked. Meanwhile, to roam the woods that surrounded the country seat of the family—if possible accompanied only by her big dogs, so that she might dream her dreams undisturbed—remained the chief pleasure of the little girl. Day by day her German home grew dearer to her and even among the more stately Carpathians she has not forgotten the vine-clad hills of the Rhine. She too has given her poetical tribute to that much-sung river, and introducing her translations of Roumanian folk-songs to her native land she invokes the stream in terms of endearment, while with a certain regal pride she presents to Father Rhine her battalion of Roumanian poets, all citizens of the land over which she reigns. Her very *nom-de-plume* is compounded from her fondness for song and forest.

This open-air life, this rustic, simple training, united to a refined intelligence and careful mental nurture, has produced an original and charming result. To this day the queen retains some of the unsophisticated directness of the tiller of the soil, while there is an aroma of the woods and fields in her poetry and her speech. As a mere child her instincts were towards independence and freedom, and to this

day conventionality irks her. Many are the tales told of her wild exploits while in her Rhenish home.

Journeys to the Isle of Wight, to various German towns, and even to Paris, for the purpose of seeking change of air and surgical aid for her invalid brother, had broken the monotony of the princess's life, but not until she was seventeen did she make acquaintance with the great world. She then paid a visit of several months to the court of Berlin. Here an adventure befell her, and if (as Lord Beaconsfield asserts) adventures are to the adventurous, it was but right and proper that a romantic incident should befall the mercurial Princess Elizabeth. Rushing down the stairs one day with her usual impetuosity, she slipped, and would have fallen to the bottom had not a gentleman who was ascending at the same moment caught her in his arms. It was a fall laden with unexpected consequences, for she had fallen into the arms of her future husband. But as yet she was not to rest in them for good. The young princess evinced an almost savage dislike to matrimony, and in response to all proposals of marriage made to her replied, "I do not want to marry unless I can be queen of Roumania, for down there there is still something left for me to do." This remark was meant to silence her friends, for at that time there was no kingdom of Roumania.

A sad time were the next years, in which death was busy in the household, removing the brother, the father, and Elizabeth's most intimate girl friend. Music and the writing of verse were the princess's only sources of consolation in these bitter trials. Little note did she take of the changing aspect of European events, which were nevertheless so powerfully to affect the "wild rosebud of Wied," as her friends loved to call her. We cannot know if she ever gave a thought to the gallant cavalier who was the hero of her staircase adventure, and who had been suddenly called to fill the one throne she professed to covet. But Prince Charles had not forgotten her, and a year after his election as ruler (in October, 1869) he unexpectedly appeared at the castle on the Rhine and reminded Princess Elizabeth of the desire once expressed to reign over Roumania. If she still cherished that wish, it was in her power to gratify it—his hand and heart were hers. Thus it came about that one of Princess Elizabeth's fairy tales assumed real shape. But even so, though she had long felt

sympathy for the prince, and though he offered her the kingdom she had predicted, she hesitated a while before she could consent to resign her fiercely cherished independence.

"Yours will be a noble mission," Prince Charles said to her on the day of their betrothal. "You must comfort tenderly when I have been too harsh, and you may petition for all."

These words show that the king knows that his uprightness is coupled with Hohenzollern lack of sympathy — that hence he often offends against the prejudices of his less sternly moulded subjects, even when it is his desire to act purely for their good. He rightly divined that his wife would furnish the emotional element to his excellent but rigid deeds.

"Ours is not an easy throne to fill," she once said to a friend. "We are not old and firmly rooted, but have to try to gain the general favor and good-will."

A short engagement was theirs, for the prince could not long be absent. Two months after the engagement the wedding was quietly celebrated at Neu Wied. Four times over were the couple married — that is, according to the German civil code, according to the Lutheran (her) religion, according to the Roman Catholic (his), and according to the rites of the Greek Church, which is the creed of their kingdom.

Three days after the marriage the pair left for Roumania. They entered their kingdom, as the commercial traveller, Lehmann, had done, on board a common steamer, and, like that traveller, *incognito*. The first thing that struck the princess as they passed the confines of her new home were the coastguards, resembling in feature and dress those Dacian prisoners depicted upon Trajan's column in Rome. It made her feel she had indeed come into a strange land — a land in which barbarism has overlaid ancient culture, but of which the foundations were good — foundations, she resolved, it should be her task to disinter and vivify into new life.

At the same spot where Prince Charles had landed a year ago the bridal pair descended; and vast was the amazement of all on board the steamer to behold a large crowd eagerly greeting the quiet, handsome tourists, acclaiming them as their sovereigns, and offering them the traditional bread and salt upon silver platters, while on a velvet cushion were presented the keys of the town.

From here to Bucharest the entry of the

royal couple was a joyous progress, in which Princess Elizabeth was dazzled and interested by the Oriental splendor, barbarism, *naïveté*, and grace of her new subjects, and during which she already won the hearts of these people, instinctively averse to foreigners, by her sweet smiles and pleasant words.

Arrived in her new home, the princess at once threw herself with native ardor into all her new duties. She learned to read and write Roumanian, she made herself acquainted with the needs and requirements of the land, and soon saw that she had not been wrong when, years ago, she had aspired after this throne as one which would give her a noble work to do. While keeping herself aloof from the entanglement of politics, the result of her endeavors was soon felt more beneficially than those of cannon or diplomatists. She founded schools, hospitals, soup kitchens, convalescent homes, cooking schools, and *crèches*; she encouraged popular lectures; she inculcated respect for sanitary laws, most needful in an Eastern land; she founded art galleries and art schools. These institutions now bear practical testimony to the queen's energetic love for her nation and her kind. It was her endeavor from the first to be a mother to her people in the best sense of the word, and "little mother" has long been the tender name by which her people call her.

To give but one instance, a small matter and yet one that has had much influence and greatly contributed to her popularity. It seems that Roumanian women have ever been famed for spinning and weaving, and their deftness in embroidery; but the new queen found that a love for tawdry West-European clothes and Parisian fashions threatened to extinguish their national art, and to render the picturesque costume of the country a thing of the past. Out of her own private purse she founded a school of embroidery, in which the old Byzantine patterns were carefully reproduced. She encouraged the peasants to bring to her the robes they had embroidered, and when in the country she donned the national costume, and made her ladies wear it too, the only difference between her dress and that of peasants being that she wears the veil, which in old Greek costume, as we may learn from the story of Helen, is the mark of queenly dignity. She further made it obligatory that at the annual charity balls in Bucharest the national costume should be worn.

In 1870 the queen became a mother,

and though her child was only a little girl, and hence of no value to the land as heir, she was none the less precious to her mother's heart. For four years—four precious years—all the queen's happiness was centred in this child; in her babe's beaming eyes she forgot all grief, all worries. Joy, of which she had known so little in her life, had taken up its abode beside her, and for a time banished sorrow, her too faithful attendant. There is a most charming portrait extant of the queen, in all the pride and joy of young motherhood, carrying her child pick-a-back upon her shoulders.

Alas! her happiness was as short as it was intense. Death, who had already taken from her so much, dealt her the hardest, bitterest blow of all—a blow from which she will never recover. An epidemic of scarlet fever raged in Bucharest, and to this scourge the little princess fell a victim. "Other mothers had to give up all their treasures," said the queen, "why should I hope to escape?" But it was her ewe lamb that had been taken.

"God gave me much," she wrote in a private letter about this date, "a father, mother, brother, husband, and child, such as are rarely seen."

And she strove to resign herself to the Divine will that had given and taken. True to her own doctrine, that "In work—in great rich work—must be sought the comfort for all sorrows," the queen applied herself yet more strenuously to promote the welfare of her people. She now, too, first began to take up authorship seriously as a profession. From her childhood she had written verses in secret; her thoughts naturally took shape in metric speech, but she had never thought of publishing, or indeed of showing her verses except to near friends. Now, after this sore blow, her pen became her loved companion and trusted friend. She poured out her woe in song; she versified the tender sayings of her babe, she translated into German the favorite Roumanian folk-songs of her little one. This book she published, in the hope that what had given pleasure to her darling would also please the little ones in her distant German home among the vineyards and oak forests. All these early poems, as indeed her poesy in general, are characterized by a tone of deep melancholy. Experience qualified her to write the cycle of "Sorrow's Earthly Pilgrimage," which is accounted one of the most charming and delicate of her works. After having years ago resigned all such hopes she was to find that

sorrow had made her an artist and that the world cared to listen to her speech.

It was not, however, until 1880 that the queen first published, and meantime she had to make close acquaintance with the dread horrors of war. The Russo-Turkish campaign of 1877-8 broke out and Roumania was deeply involved, taking part with Russia against the Turks. The country suffered cruelly. Its soldiers, the army organized and trained by King Charles, fought bravely, and he himself was ever at their head and in the thick of battle. Indeed, but for this Roumanian army, the creation of Prince Charles, great disaster might have overtaken the Russian arms. How Russia showed her gratitude for this timely and efficient help is a matter of history. Meanwhile, notwithstanding Russian faithlessness, the war had brought Roumania into knowledge. It proved to Europe that the country was self-sufficing, that it owned a ruler who was sagacious and steadfast and an army that could make its deeds felt. To this war Roumania owes her emancipation from Turkish guardianship and Russian patronage.

While her husband fought thus bravely, it was the princess's task to stay at home and succor the wounded and comfort the distressed. She maintained out of her private purse a lazaretto for a hundred patients, and was constantly found here or in the other hospitals, personally tending the patients; and often her persuasions alone induced the soldiers to submit to painful operations. Again and again was she present cheering and encouraging while the surgeon wielded the knife, and many a death-bed did she solace. No wonder the sick adored her as a saint; no wonder the coldly egotistical *haute société* of Bucharest were shamed out of their indifference, and accorded the queen pecuniary and even personal aid in her noble work. There stands to-day, in the public place of Bucharest, a fine monument representing the queen in the act of giving a drink of water to a wounded soldier. This statue was subscribed for by the wives of the Roumanian army as an enduring testimonial of their love and gratitude for her whom the popular voice now christened "the mother of the wounded."

What she did during this war is forgotten—unforgettable by her subjects. "She is good, like the bosom of her mother," they say in their picturesque and Oriental imagery of speech. This is what she writes of it herself in a letter to her

mother at the moment Prince Charles, the hero of Plevna, returned in triumph to Bucharest, the people singing in his honor a song composed by his wife:—

What a year draws to its close!

"I had at first courage for all, and I sustained everybody by my confidence. I can assure you that it was a very difficult position for a lone woman. But work made me forget my anxieties. Thank God, Charles is here! I can retire back gradually into my shell—return to my flowers, my birds, my books, and my papers. I consider it an anomaly and a misfortune for a woman to be obliged to enter public life. . . . There were, however, some bright periods in these troublous times. May God soon grant a lasting peace to remove the gnawing anxiety from our hearts, and that these stirring times may belong to the past, which dims both our joys and sorrows, leaving only the bright impression of the results achieved! . . . Charles is splendid! . . . He shrugs his shoulders at ingratitude, and then forgives it. If people are unthankful it is all the same to him. When he is no more they will call him the Wise."

This pride in her husband reappears again and again in the queen's letters to her old home. Meanwhile Prince Charles's warlike abilities, the complete independence he had obtained for his country, drew his people nearer to him and his good consort.

In 1881, by popular desire, the principedom was raised to a kingdom, and in May the couple were solemnly crowned, the royal diadem being fashioned out of iron made from Turkish guns taken at Plevna.

In graceful, allegorical fashion Queen Elizabeth has told the story of her country, the struggles and difficulties it underwent before it could take its place among its jealous elder brethren. The little tale is called "Puiu!" that word being Roumanian for "My soul, my darling!" and is the name those proud Latins of the East give to their cherished country.

Nor are the struggles and difficulties of the land ended. It has ever to guard itself against Russian influence desirous of interfering with its national independence, and to be attentive lest the party of the pretender Couza, the dissolute former ruler of the State, regain preponderance. King Charles has lain on no bed of roses, especially in these latter years. The question of an heir, too, had to be considered,

since further children were denied the couple. The successor chosen is Prince Ferdinand, second son of King Charles's elder brother, Prince Leopold, a prince now twenty-three years of age, who has been educated almost entirely in Germany. He is now about to take up his abode at Bucharest among his future subjects. That he did not do so before, so long as any hope remained of direct heirs, was due to a certain delicacy of feeling. Latterly, however, the agitations of the anti-dynastic party in Roumania have shown it to be a necessity of State that Prince Ferdinand should reside in the country.

The life led by the royal couple is one of constant hard work. In winter they live in Bucharest, in summer they return to Sinaia, a health resort in the Carpathians that combines the grand scenery of Switzerland with the more lovely and romantic features of the Italian Alps. Here they have built for themselves, after their own designs, a quaint castle, whose architecture is a fantastic medley of the Roumanian and mediæval German styles. But even here they get little rest. The conditions of the land require that the sovereigns should always be *en évidence* at the beck and call of any one who likes to ask for them. In this semi-Oriental country Oriental customs prevail; the sovereign cannot live in peaceful seclusion.

The queen usually rises early—often as early as four—and works until eight, the only hours in the course of the day when she can be, as she phrases it, "woman and author;" the rest of the time she must be queen. Both sovereigns have often to talk for twelve, or even fifteen, hours at a stretch, and from this cause the queen once temporarily lost her voice. When she and the king sit down to dinner they are sometimes so tired they cannot speak a word. Yet early sleep is not theirs. Bucharest, it is said, is a very gay capital—the City of Pleasure it has been called—and a very late one. Gala performances, for example, do not begin till ten or twelve at night.

The strain upon the physical and mental organizations of the sovereigns is great, and especially upon the queen, who is indefatigable. "Whirlwind" was the nickname she had at home, and which she has not lost. Never inactive herself, she will permit no idlers about her. She loves to surround herself with young girls, and incites them to utilize their talents by precept and example. In her *salon* a re-

publican spirit reigns; she admits of but one aristocracy—that of the heart and mind.

Such are these rulers of Roumania, both in their way out of the common run—he for the clearness of his intellect and the sterling qualities of his character, she for her genius, her sweetness and elevation of soul. Between them they have developed the institutions and internal resources of their land, and raised it to an honored place among the nations.

From Murray's Magazine.

HENRY PARRY LIDDON.

WITHIN the last twenty years Canon Liddon, whose death has been so keenly felt during the past month, has been a prominent figure for all Londoners. During his months of residence at St. Paul's Cathedral he drew together immense representative audiences. There might be more people at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, but at St. Paul's the spectacle of the Cathedral congregation was unique. It included all classes, statesmen and shopkeepers alike, but the most earnest and intellectual of all classes. Liddon had gained the ear of London, as hardly happens to a preacher in a generation. His audience knew also that he had done good work and showed great qualities in other spheres. In his time St. Paul's Cathedral had vindicated its claim to be truly the Mother Church of London. The Cathedral had reformed itself and proved itself an exemplar to all similar foundations. Its clergy had sought by services beneath the dome, by the use of special seasons, by sympathy and personal intercourse with their neighbors, to draw towards them the London folk, especially the young men, and to prove itself a centre of influence and good. In this practical work he had co-operated zealously with the other Cathedral clergy. In one special way he had promoted the great purposes of the Cathedral. To him had been given a great and special gift which he had turned to noble purpose. Gradually he had discovered that he possessed the divine faculty of oratory, which, despite the proverb, is innate and not acquired, though when possessed it always requires assiduous cultivation.

It was known, too, that he possessed a great ethical, and great academical reputation. He wore the white flower of a blameless life. One look at that fragile,

spirit-lighted face, one sentence from that resonant, courageous voice, and every man with any gift of bright sympathy, recognized his purity and brilliance of nature, his intense human sympathy, his high certitude of heavenly hope. The wonderful thing was that a man whose whole life and training were so intensely academic—who, at the age of twenty-five or twenty-six, had been the vice-principal of a theological college, and ever since a bishop's chaplain, a professor of the exegesis of the New Testament at Oxford, and in many another way had been occupied with theological education—so far from a cloistral remoteness, should show himself the very preacher for the wants and perplexities and feelings of this great London.

Liddon concentrated all his powers on preaching. The composition of sermons was not only a matter of a preacher's but also of an artist's work. No pain or labor was wanting that would gain the effect of persuasiveness over men. He studied not only the substance but the externals: voice, manner, action. He had not really a very strong voice, but he had trained it carefully and made the most of it. He spoke upon a high note and his voice was singularly distinct and penetrating. He used to sing the "Communion Office" most beautifully. The physical exertion of delivering such prolonged discourses must have been very great, and we believe that he was often quite prostrated afterwards. He was not strong at any time, suffering from chronic illness. Such over-exertion may have had much to do with the head trouble from which he died at the last. He went into the pulpit, as a soldier into action, with intrepidity and the joy of action, but with the consciousness of risk. Several factors may be noted that make up such a phenomenal success. His hearers, especially those whom he was gradually educating more or less by his teaching, knew that he was abreast of the thought and knowledge of his time. There was no intellectual movement bearing on the condition and prospects of religion, which he did not treat fully and fairly on the religious side. He never lacked the courage of his conviction. No man ever said bolder things in his teachings. Nothing could move him an iota from any line inspired by conscience and judgment. When he thought it necessary, he did not hesitate to import the leading article into his sermon, not into the substance but as an accessory. He might enter upon the sub-

ject of the day directly, or as a veiled method by implication, but in either way he was seizing on the subject that was uppermost in the minds of men, and making it a lever for the consideration of the highest subjects of all. He felt the intellectual pulse, not only of his own country but of France and Germany. To a great degree his own original style, though thoroughly English in matter, was based on Continental models. He had travelled much on the Continent, closely watching the best preachers, especially the best Dominican preachers in Paris and France. He was much impressed by the preachers of the Louis Quatorze era, Fénelon, Bourdaloue, Bossuet, Massillon. Massillon gave him an example of a preacher directly addressing a monarch on the throne, but when he repeated this in the court of his own country, the effort was not appreciated at Windsor Castle. When he was struck down by illness after Lord Carnarvon's funeral, the queen was most constant in her enquiries, a kindness by which he was deeply gratified. At each crisis of Church history he came out with unfaltering accents. He loved the Church, but he would rather that the Church should be disestablished than dishonored. Better turn out of doors on a winter night, naked and homeless, than be strangled by a silken cord in a well-furnished drawing-room. He wrote a famous letter to Sir John Coleridge, saying that the only respect which the clergy could give to the decision of the court was that due to well-trained legal minds. He rebuked Sir John's son, Chief Justice Coleridge, in a letter to the *Times* for bad logic in his *Reredos* judgment, afterwards reversed. Similarly he had opposed the Divorce Act and the Public Worship Act. Döllinger had said that the Disestablishment of the Church of England would be a loss not only to England but to Christendom. Both he and Pusey had resolved that if the Athanasian Creed were touched they would leave the Church. "I don't know what we could do," he said plaintively; "for we could not go to Rome." But our Church without that creed would not be the Church into which he was ordained.

Liddon's life was divided between Oxford and London, with an admixture of some home and much foreign travel. The Oxford and London life were to a great extent synchronous. As select preacher and Bampton lecturer, he made his mark in Oxford; at St. James's, Piccadilly, and at St. Paul's Cathedral most of all, he be-

came one of the greatest figures in London. At Oxford his influence was at one time immense. Few of those who might encounter that quiet, humble, unostentatious figure, could realize how great a force he was in the place. He especially loved Christ Church. As a student of Christ Church, he had rooms in the house, a privilege which he especially valued, and for their sake he retained the studentship, long after the Ireland professorship and other ties were surrendered. As student, a small emolument was paid to him regularly, but was as regularly returned to the dean, with a request that he would give it to some poor scholar or bestow it in some similar way.

He was especially kind to the young men at Oxford, just as Stanley had been before him. He frequently entertained them at dinner in parties of twelve or twenty. The company, food, and wine were all selected with the greatest care. Teetotalism he considered "a subtle form of Antinomianism." After he had given up his appointment of Ireland professor he would have a class for New Testament reading on Sunday evening in Christ Church Hall. He used to take a constitutional walk between two and four, and more frequently than not he would have a companion with him, most probably one of the young men. He was a strong cœnobite, and on one occasion he told his companions that there was no instance in the primitive Church of a man being married after his ordination. Godstow was a favorite walk, and he spoke of the bones of the nuns being disturbed by the new canal that was cut there. He was a careful observer of nature, and would venture on risky ground to observe any new creature. The last thing at night, before turning in, he would take a walk round Quad, and the whole place rang with cheery laughter. There was one very remarkable feature in his talk, his constant use of epigram. He would see his opportunity, and would shout out epigram after epigram, each neat, rounded, and completed. He would drop hints to young people about their reading. He was singularly fair and just to people whose ways were not his ways. Thus, when he saw a very noble Dissenting chapel in a poor neighborhood, he said, "Only the love of Christ could have done that." He never, after the manner of some, matured his conversation, but he had his note-book with him, and if anything was struck out of interest in the talk, he would make a memorandum of it, and his friends would

often recognize with interest the development of an idea which they had thus heard him broach for the first time. In one of his walks with a companion, a drunken man rushed out and said: "You two be parsons, I be going to hell." "There's no necessity that you should," was the quiet answer.

With some alterations it was very much the same kind of life in London. He was not a man who entered much into society, for which such work as his left scanty leisure. His social charm was very great. He was always eminently refined and courteous. He was one of those who realized the law to "honor all men." There was a quiet flow of wit and humor. One day a friend met him walking on the Thames Embankment, a very favorite haunt. There was a dense fog. "Yes," said Liddon dryly, "I expect our friend — has been opening his study window." Like all good men, he was good to all animals. He had an especial affection for cats. He thought that Pussy hid any amount of affection and other noble qualities under her air of dignity and repose. In this, it will be remembered, he was extremely like another great man, Bishop Thirlwall of St. David's. In Liddon's time there was a favorite cat in the Christ Church common-room. The cat used to leap on the revered bust of Dr. Busby, and thence to the mantelpiece, and thence to the bracket. His great amusement was to stand with his back to the bracket, and to fling up a biscuit, which Pussy was to catch. Old Tom was very reserved towards the others of Christ Church, but he permitted Liddon to do anything with him. He had two cats at Amen Corner, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, at least one in his room at Christ Church, and he boarded out another, called Campion, with some people at Hinksey.

To Dr. Pusey he was bound by the closest ties of affection and sympathy. On him, if on any man, fell the mantle of Pusey; he was the heir to his influence and the repository of his confidence. When the offer of the Bampton Lectures came to him somewhat suddenly and there was much less than the usual time for preparation, he went to the house which Pusey had on the southern shores of the Isle of Wight, and it is, we believe, no secret that *Ile Magnus* helped him in his work with his stores of learning and ready sympathy. In later years, he was reserving his best energies for the "Life of Pusey," though almost crushed by the

weight and multiplicity of his materials. Some years ago he said to a friend: "I have brought him to 1833, and Dr. Pusey is still a Low Churchman." He frequently visited Cardinal Newman, with a view to the fulness and exactness of his work, and the cardinal without reserve spread before him his information.

There was nothing insular about Liddon. He took extreme interest in all Catholic movements. He was ardent in the cause. He attended the Bonn Conference, of which he published some account. At this year's meeting at Cologne his loss will be deeply lamented. Döllinger himself he visited regularly every year and knew intimately. After his death he wrote a memoir of him in the *Guardian*, in which he tells something of himself as well as much of Döllinger. A similar sketch of Bishop Hamilton of Salisbury also appeared in the *Guardian*, and was afterwards expanded into a small volume. In that volume, with customary reticence, he does not say much about himself. Yet his intimacy with the bishop was singularly close and affectionate. Year by year he made a pilgrimage to Salisbury in remembrance and commemoration of that saintly friend. It has often been said, that just as the dying Bishop Denison asked the premier to appoint Hamilton as his successor, so Hamilton was anxious that he should be succeeded by Liddon. Many were indignant that their hero should not be made a bishop. He would not have been willing to accept it. A bishopric would have added very little to Liddon, and would have taken away much. He would have lost his pulpit at St. Paul's and received no such pulpit in compensation. A bishop has his time taken up by a variety of State and episcopal functions: confirmations, ordinances, organizations, and looking after curates. There are hundreds of men who can do such work, but there are few, if any, that could do his. Premiers can make prelates, but they cannot make a Liddon. There is hardly any bishop that possessed such distinct influence. So rich is the Church of England in men of worth and learning, that if the whole bench of bishops were swept away to-morrow, a set not less able could be substituted the day afterwards. But Liddon's loss is simply irreparable.

His private correspondence was a great business and burden to him. Though he rose early in the morning, it kept him up very late at night. No one ever wrote to Liddon without getting a clear and imme-

diate reply, and no words were ever wasted. In later years, when he saw the full necessity of husbanding his time and strength, it was difficult, at least for outsiders, to get access to him. He would see no one unless an appointment had been made. He had an old butler, who watched over him most carefully, and vigorously protected him against intrusion. In making his engagements there were certain fixtures which he always carefully observed. Thus it was a fixture that Mr. Mackonochie of St. Albans, who had been fellow-curate with him at Wantage, under Dr. Butler, should dine with him on Christmas day. It was another fixture that he should spend New Year's day at Hatfield, with Lord Salisbury and his family.

As time went on he lost interest in Oxford, and to a certain extent Oxford lost interest in him. There were always serried ranks of undergraduates at St. Mary's, and the floor was as crowded as the galleries. The last occasion on which he preached at St. Mary's in June this year drew together as large and numerous an auditory as had ever listened to him there. It was to hear his final views on the "Lux Mundi" controversy, recalling the legend of the dying swan, his last utterance before the university and one of the most powerful. He was unable to prevent an increasing despondency in the condition and prospect of religion in Oxford and in the country. When the last wave of Rationalism came from the Pusey House, which he had done so much to foster and which commemorated his dearest friend, the blow and the burden seem to have been too much for him. No theological difference affected his affection for his friend, who ministered to him till the last. In that great sermon last June it was said that he had shaken off the dust of his feet against Oxford. He took refuge in the larger world of London. No touch of alienation ever came between him and the mighty auditory of St. Paul's. It is interesting to compare his first and last sermon at the Cathedral. He said in his first that his audience were mere sight-seers, morally practical infidels. His last sermon commemorated the anniversary of John Howard, the philanthropist, "who trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality." In his last words he said that he and the world had parted company forever, and in the dedication of his last book to his sister he spoke of the end that was coming.

Large as was his circle of friends, far

larger still as was the auditory in the Cathedral, there is still a mightier public to which he appeals — all that English-speaking race that know him by his works. It is not too much to say that these sermons form a monumental library of theology. They are sermons which demand and repay repeated perusal. We believe that they will have an increasing value, and that no man will be considered a well-equipped theologian who has not mastered them. Sermons are in fact one of the strongest points in English theological literature. Even in his day Lord Bacon estimated highly English sermons, and their stream has flowed ever ampler and deeper since. Liddon's will take their place with those of Barrow and South and Butler and Melvill. They have a very distinct and original character of their own. Liddon was a highly systematic preacher. Each sermon has its individual merits and may be studied apart. But Liddon looked on each sermon in combination with others. For the most part he was really building up organic treatises. His greatest and favorite subject was the Resurrection, on which he used to preach during his Easter term at St. Paul's. They are gathered up into two volumes. They constitute in their entirety the best treatise on the subject in any literature. The subject is regarded from every possible point of view. Similarly the sermons which he preached in the autumn of 1889 on the *Magnificat* form a complete work on the subject which stands almost alone. The volume of "Bampton Lectures" on the divinity of Christ is perhaps his best-known work, but his different sermons may be consolidated into other great works.

It may be thought by some that our literary estimate of his books is somewhat high and overstrained. But it is with his books as with the man himself. When Liddon understood a man and trusted him, all reserve melted away. Then the man's whole nature lay open. Then came the talk and the story, the gush of feeling, the play of argument and wit. Then the beaming eye was fixed, and there was the long clasp of the hand, which he appeared unwilling to unloose. But if he met with worldliness and irreverence, met with one hostile to revelation, and with no share in the Christian hope, he was nervous, shy, and distressed; his nature closed up like a sensitive plant. People who had been attracted by his fame found him mute, dull, and uninteresting. So it is with his books. With people who have no sym-

pathy either with his subjects or his objects, they are merely a shelf of theological reading, largely controversial, learned, eloquent, caustic; but which have served their turn and had their day. But only let the reader realize Liddon's central thought to which he oftenest reverts,—that it seems impossible in the nature of things that God who made the world, should leave it without a revelation of himself, only let him realize that in these volumes he is dealing with divine teaching constant throughout history, and he will never fail to gather from these writings, instruction, consolation, and inspiration, and to trace in them the reflection of one of the most beautiful minds that has ever adorned humanity.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
AFTER "TATOU."

"JIM THE HUNTER," as he calls himself and is called by the estate hands, is a character, and a privileged one. He lives in one of the huts which old and faithful servants have from time to time been permitted to build in a corner of the property bordering on the bush. How the privilege came to be extended to him it is impossible to say, for nobody knows, least of all the owners of the place. The oldest inhabitant, or rather the second oldest—for the very oldest is probably Jim himself—does not remember his ever doing a day's work on the estate towards earning the reward of a free location. But there is no thought of inquiring into the old fellow's title, which indeed must, in the natural order of things, lapse very soon; for, though as tough as a supplejack, and, apparently, never suffering from any ailment which he cannot cure by some cunning decoction of herbs known only to himself, he is as old as the century, if not as the British occupation of the island—yet he has scarcely a white hair in his woolly head.

He knows all about the three generations of the family owning the estate, which have had their day at Little Marli since a certain roving young Englishman took unto himself a Creole wife and acquired its possession eighty-five years ago. He fairly puzzles one sometimes with snap inquiries after some scion of the race whose very name and existence has been forgotten by his own kin. It is very seldom that he can be got to talk; but the belief is that he was a sergeant in

the West India Regiment, in which a soldier member of the tribe served at New Orleans, and was rewarded for some yeoman service by permission to settle, rent free, on the outskirts of the property. He leads an absolutely solitary life, on the proceeds of his hunting, in the cabin, which looks much more like a picturesque dung-heap overgrown with pumpkin-vines than a human habitation, into the cavernous and uninviting depths whereof no human being besides himself has been known ever to have penetrated. When Jim is not in the woods he is either cooking or smoking or sleeping; you never find him gossiping with the other black folk. Taciturn and mysterious, but never morose or gloomy, one cannot but respect the independent old boy, and he is regarded with some awe by his inferiors and equals, especially by the small shiny boys and girls of his own rich color. One thing is certain: a day or night in the woods were futile discomfort without Jim to officiate as "guide, philosopher, and friend," and what he doesn't know of the local huntsman's craft you may be very sure is not worth knowing. He has his rivals, or pretenders at rivalry—what great man has not?—and, drolly enough, the most formidable is a woman, a certain Aunt Katherine, whose habitat is five miles away from his, fortunately; fortunately—for otherwise the neighborhood would soon be quite bereft of animal life. She is a scraggy old lady, who may occasionally be met ranging the woods in scanty and high-kilted robes, like an elderly Diana—a Diana who would not tempt into indiscretion the most enterprising of Actæons. She is reported to jeer at Jim's superiority of knowledge, being just about as noisy an old thing as he is a quiet one; and, if she is mentioned before him, his face assumes an expression of contemptuous disgust, such as human countenance could hardly be supposed capable of wearing.

He came up this morning to say that he had espied a "tatou" last night rooting about in the bush, and proposes to hunt the beast to-night, as there will be full moonlight. He wants to "borrow," as he calls it, the two terriers, which are always wild with excitement when they see the old man, whose appearance they have learned to regard as prophetic of "larks" in the immediate future. His old dog is feeble, blind, and toothless now; quite unequal to sport; hardly able to drag himself after his master on the shortest,

slowest expedition. So the two little chaps up at "de big house" come in for all such fun as this in these latter days. Now, a tatou is an armadillo, one of the queerest beast forms of a wonder-bountiful creation. He is understood to be about as foul a feeder of terrestrial carrion as is your crustacean of marine nastiness. The "buccra" folk, while they lick their lips over crabs, lobsters, and prawns, Jim knows very well will not lighten his game-bag of such an animal, if he kills; but he will easily get two or three dollars for it from his own countrymen, who are much less ridiculously squeamish, and love the meat exceedingly. He is always glad, in his undemonstrative way, when the "young Bouges" will join him on such an occasion; and the communication of his purpose means, you may be sure, that they should propose to do so. "Bouge" is the title of his class for the white gentry, and is supposed to be a corruption of the French *bourgeois*. It has in great measure ousted the "massa" of slavery days, which Jim, however, as a nigger of the old school, occasionally uses also, and no doubt invariably did use to the old folk whose memory he cherishes in his withered old heart, and for whose sake he still feels so kindly towards the descendants whose ways are not so homely or congenial to him—who in these non-resident days go home, small impish Creole children, to return, if they do return, unsympathetic young Englishmen, forgetful of their child-love and of the old dependents of their father's house.

After dinner, when we have finished our cigars, when the moon is well up and the frogs are in full chorus, we stir our lazy limbs from the rocking-chairs and, not reluctant to leave the house to the mosquitoes, equip ourselves for the chase. We take a gun—not for the tatou, but because a deer may cross our path, and at all events we are pretty sure to spot a "mannikou," *alias* possum. Thick boots, old clothes, stout leggings, and good cutlasses are what we most require for this expedition, however, with spade and pickaxe. Take a dark lantern also, for we may want to explore a dark corner, if the glorious moon has left any to-night. What an effect the moonbeams have as they filter through the trees and tangle which we have to penetrate on our short cut to Jim's cabin! It is melancholy, rather; or would be, without company, to any one susceptible to such external influences. Even the dogs feel it, who are ranging about so

quietly, while, were this sunlight, they would be barking themselves hoarse—noisy little wretches. See how they cock their youthful Irish ears as queer noises issue from the bush around us and puzzle their still inexperienced little intelligences. They never heard anything like this in County Down. What extraordinary creatures can be producing the extraordinary sounds which float on the air? But here we are. There is the old man *chez lui*, sitting, waiting, on a log before the hut, like the far-famed Leather Stocking, with his dog, Ramon, at his feet.

The ancient *warrahoond* (which word is here spelt phonetically, and may or may not perhaps be a corruption of the words "war hound") is of proud Spanish descent, a very *hidalgo* of dogs, descendant of those fierce brutes which were fit companions for the *conquistadores* of Ferdinand and Isabella. His ancestors have probably chased men in their bloodthirsty day; most certainly have followed much more lordly game than we are after to-night. And Ramon himself was a savage, treacherous beast in his prime to all save his master, and remains so in his impotence. He regards wiry, cheeky, friendly, little Andy and Pat with a jealous, blood-shot eye, and evidently loves them none the better that they are to share joys forever lost to him. It is with a piteous whine of something very like despair that he sees us depart, realizing his inability to accompany the party, and lays his worn old bones down again by the low-smouldering wood fire at the cabin door; while a long, melancholy howl adds itself to the other voices of the night as we are about to plunge into the woods. "Ole dog cryin' for ole Jim," says our guide, adding, "He see Jumbi dese nights, massa." Jim wears a heavy knife in his belt and carries a rusty shovel and pickaxe. He is very silent as we tread a foot-track between the not very thickly sprinkled trees—a second growth, containing no large timber, lying in a belt around the tall forest wood. His sole defence for body, limb, or foot, against the stiff and prickly undergrowth is a cotton shirt, open in front down to the waist, and a very short pair of light canvas trousers strapped with a veteran leather belt. He seems to chuckle over the ignorance of West-Indian venery exhibited by our remarks, and explains some of the eerie cries coming from the ghostly forest depths. That cry comes from the sloth, he says, and that other is the voice of the wood-slave. The hoot is

the note of some water-fowl. And then, as a dismal roar predominates over the other gruntings, groanings, boomings, drummings, buzzings, cacklings, squeakings, and whistlings: "Bouge, know dat for true—dat howler monkey." Verily, as many birds, beasts, reptiles, and insects seem to be awake as are asleep in these moonlit hunting-grounds. Now Jim says he smells "cascabel," or some creature of which the name sounds like that. It is a particularly unpleasant kind of snake, he is careful to explain. I can't see his face well, but I shrewdly suspect he is "getting at" our innocence.

We are to cross the Devil's Woodyard, a locality of sufficiently uncanny suggestion, which lies a little out of our way to-night, but which Jim thinks we may as well visit, as it is yet early for an interview with the tatou, and we might pick up a deer there. Soon we are at the somewhat unpleasantly christened spot—a round arena, which might have been cleared for the gambols of "Mr. Merryman," and the sober, spotted horseflesh of some "mammoth" travelling circus. The place of the sawdust is occupied by a flooring of sandy-grey mud. Where the audience would sit grows thick scrub of no great height, and the black forest forms the wall of our tent, which is ceiled by the lofty sky and lighted by the ghostly moon. The arena is studded with conical heaps of mud, which have formed around and over the little blow-holes of the mud volcanoes, as they are called, of which this is one of the *locales*. As you are surveying the flat ground at your feet, there is a sort of a bubble and a squirt, and a tiny jet of mud rises a few inches into the air, to fall back forming a sort of coil, such as sailors make with the ropes on a ship's deck, round the little dimple from which the thick liquid flows. The heaps are not very large, and many are devoid of activity. The rains will quickly wash these down to the circumjacent level; but new ones are forming all over the area. The phenomenon is a queer one; but we have not to do with phenomena to-night. Two of us are to collar those restless four-footed companions of ours, and we are to hide ourselves where the slender little deer which stray across the open space during the night may not see or suspect us; one holding the gun ready for the poor victim. We have not long to wait. "Hey, Bouge," whispers watchful old Jim, pointing to a spot in the circumference of the "Woodyard," from which a graceful shape pres-

ently emerges, with nose to the ground, stepping slowly into the open. Pat gives a squeak of excitement, which is promptly suppressed, but has startled the game, which breaks into a trot. "Bang!" goes the right barrel, and the little animal swerves in its course. A very palpable hit; but not a fatal one. So "bang!" goes the left barrel, and the quarry falls on the far margin of the clearance. Jim ties its scraps of feet together, and slings it across his lean and lanky back; then, without a word, plunges again into the forest. We are evidently now *en route* to our special field of action, and ten minutes' rather unpleasant stumbling over tree-roots brings us to it.

We are on the side of a gravelly hill, rather sparsely grown with trees, but pretty thickly covered with pinguin and other undergrowth. Jim has visited the spot during the day, and now points out what he takes to be the mouth of the "tatou's" burrow. We are to make ourselves as comfortable as possible on a convenient branch of previous selection, and keep a sharp lookout for our armored game. He must be headed off from the burrow, and it is fortunate that this will not be difficult, as if he once got into it we might have a few hours' digging after him. A slow and clumsy beast, there is really no hunting him, for if his retreat is cut off he simply rolls himself up like a hedgehog, and trusts to his mail to protect him—which it can't. There is something formidable in a small way about the spikes of our little British familiar altogether wanting in the smooth panoply of the armadillo. With the one liberties cannot be taken; but the other may be treated with as much contumely as a football. Although often between two and three feet long, he is no fighter, and the poor harmless scavenger thus affords no sport, while what pastime may be got out of his pursuit seems rather cruel. But here we are, and we will see it out; so we squat like big monkeys upon a low branch, with the dogs in our laps, and commence our watch.

A weary wait it is and a sleepy. We should nod off altogether did Jim not kindly stretch a point and allow us to smoke. A most welcome moment is it when, without a word, he stretches out his long, thin arm and points at a queer shape, showing white in the moonlight, moving slowly towards the mouth of the burrow. The dogs are dropped on to the ground, where, although they haven't sighted the

beast, they naturally begin to leap and to bark in appreciation of the resumption of activity. This gives pause to the home-returning wanderer. "Something up," he says to himself, no doubt, with a tightening of the heart—poor chap! "No getting in at the front door. Now, shall I just roll myself up? or have I any better chance?" Fortunately he knows his ground, and a look round decides him. He turns aside and disappears behind a big fallen tree-trunk lying to his left. As he turns the dogs see him and rush for him. So do we; but he has fairly vanished—Andy and Pat also. We can hear those two noisy small creatures though, scuffling along slowly *somewhere* and yelping with excitement. Why, the log is hollow! My gentleman has scuttled into it, as he might have into a drain-pipe, with the dogs after him. A few blows of a cutlass send the whole rotten thing to bits and discover the doggies struggling through its spongy interior. But where is the tatou? Jim dashes ahead a few yards and grabs at a queer sharp-pointed white thing issuing from the side of the hill. It is the beast's tail. He has run through the log and is now burrowing into a fresh place, at a rate which is simply astonishing. His body is already quite hidden; but he wasn't quite quick enough. "Ware those heels, Master Andy! they could give you a very nasty blow if you came too close. "Me hole 'um tail, Bouge," grins Jim; "bring shovel, bring pick-axe!" Soon we are digging the animal out, while the old man retards its further progress into the bowels of the earth by a firm grip on the gradually disappearing appendage. "No pull 'um tail, Bouge," says he; "tail come out"—a dismal eventuality to be avoided if possible. Our excavatory operations are vigorous and not very prolonged. It is all up with the tatou, and this he sadly realizes, giving up struggling, and curling himself up in despair. Jim calmly places him in a bag all alive, while we gather up the tools, rather than the weapons, of the chase and start home after him. As we come to the cabin there is a growl from the gaunt guardian extended on the threshold. The fire has gone out, there is a breeze among the tree-tops, the air is cooler, and the voices of the woodland night are silent. Even the frogs seem to have gone to sleep. "Good night, Jim!" "Goo'-night, Bouge!" "Bring the deer up and you shall have a couple of dollars." "Tanky, Mass' John!"

STEPHEN GRAY.

From The Spectator.

TALKING BIRDS.

THERE is a marked distinction between the call-notes of birds, which are hereditary and invariable, and the song, which is an *accomplishment*, the result of effort and practice, even in those kinds which sing when free and wild. Most people who have reared a young thrush or blackbird will have noticed that as soon as the wild birds begin to sing in early spring, the tame bird imitates, and reproduces by degrees, the same notes. The song of our canaries, which in their own country is so poor that they have been said not to sing at all, has been learnt entirely from the goldfinches and linnets which have shared their cages; though the vocal organs which the canary had but did not use, are so superior to those of its teachers that it has now learnt to outstrip them both. Among birds, as well as men, there are non-progressive races which are indifferent to "self-improvement," and never try to learn a song of their own, much less imitate the voices of other birds or of men. But the desire to gain new notes is very much more common than most people imagine, and we believe there are at least twenty kinds which are able to reproduce even the complex forms of articulate human speech. Aristotle mentions an Indian parrot which could talk, and "when it drank wine was somewhat improper" (*ἀκολαστότερον*), habits and language which it had picked up, no doubt, from Phœnician sailors. But the most accomplished talker of Indian birds is the mynah, a handsome purple-black bird, with a short tail, orange beak and legs, and bright yellow ear-flaps, which run round to the back of its head like a broad collar. It is a bold, lively bird, with a mellow song and whistle of its own. Its power of reproducing human speech is wonderful, and it exhibits the greatest anxiety that the tones shall be correct, repeating them softly to itself with its head on one side, and then shouting out the words. In the insect-house at the Zoo there is a fine old mynah, who was "deposited" in 1883. While a visitor is examining the Indian moths coming out of their cocoons, he may hear behind him a thoughtful cough, and then "Hulloa!" shouted with startling suddenness. It is the mynah, anxious to be friendly, and to begin a conversation. The Hindoo traders in the bazaars avail themselves of the mynah's services in a curious way. They teach it to pronounce the holy name of Rama; and while its master's thoughts are on

earthly things intent, the bird compounds for the neglect by shouting incessantly the name of the god, and texts in honor of his power. If the poet Ovid's Indian parrot finds its way, as he hoped, to the paradise of birds, and there,

Convertit volucres in sua verba pias,
it must surely meet the mynahs there also.

Another bird which talks better than most, and *whistles* better than any, is the piping crow. It is a lively black-and-white bird, as large as a rook, but far more elegant in form. Several specimens inhabit the Zoological Gardens; but the best is in the western aviary, where he whistles "Merrily danced the Quaker" in tones like a flute.

The American blue jay, a most brilliant creature, flushing with hues of emerald and turquoise, is an admirable mimic of many sounds, even of the human voice. Wilson speaks of one "which had all the tricks and loquacity of a parrot; pilfered all it could conveniently carry off, answered to its name with great sociability when called upon, and could articulate a number of words pretty distinctly." Our English jays can also talk; and magpies, especially if kept in good health and spirits by being allowed partial freedom, soon pick up words. Jackdaws and the American crow can also be taught to talk. But in all the crow tribe, except the piping crow, the reproduction of human speech seems to be more a trick of mimicry than an effort to acquire a substitute for song. Parrots, mynahs, and some cockatoos take infinite pains to learn correctly and increase their stock of phrases. But the magpie or jay mimics what it finds easy, and takes no further trouble. Even the raven seldom has many words at command, though, owing to its deep, resonant voice and imposing size, it attracts far more attention than a chattering jay. The raven is the largest creature except man that can "talk," and fancy and superstition have naturally exaggerated its powers. Still, the speech of the raven has a depth and solemnity which that of no other bird obtains, and whether in boding utterances like those attributed to the ravens of "Barnaby Rudge" or Edgar Allen Poe, or in plain business like the raven in the news in Guildford Street, which used to say, "'Ostler, here's a gentleman," when a customer arrived, its powers are generally marked and recorded. We knew a fine bird, belonging to a statesman in Northumberland, that would say, "Poor

old Ralph!" or call the collie dog in the exact tones used by its master. But the crow tribe, though as clever as the parrots, are not so easily domesticated, and their beaks and tongues are less well suited for the musical sounds of human speech. Most of the parrots, and some cockatoos and macaws, have both the mental and physical gifts necessary to make them excel in talking. Parrots of all classes have fleshy tongues, moistened with saliva, and the arched beak provides a substitute for our palate and teeth. They have also wide nostrils, and their natural voices are loud enough and strong enough to equal the volume of human speech. In disposition they are highly imitative. Cockatoos are almost like monkeys in mimicking men. For instance, if you bow to them, they will make elaborate bows. If you put your head on one side, they will often do so too. But with many parrots the desire to learn new sounds is not, we think, a mere trick of mimicry, but the desire to possess a song,—an accomplishment with which to please, identical in kind with the motive which prompts the young of singing-birds to learn their parents' notes, or, in the case of the canary, to learn and improve upon a song, not their own, which they have transmitted to their posterity.

The following account of the development of the talking power in a young parrot of which we have seen much lately, is, we submit, a strong confirmation of this view. Our informant is a lady whose sympathies are by no means limited to parrots, as the context will show; and her observations are wholly reliable: "We bought Barry," she writes, "when he was quite young, before his feathers were fully grown; and we had him about a year before he began to talk. Then he began to make very odd noises, as if he were trying to say words, but could not quite do it. Now he constantly learns new words and sentences, and early in the morning I hear him practising them over to himself, *exactly as our babies used to do in the early morning hours in bed*. If he improves as much in the next ten years as he has in the last, he should be able to recite a poem if we teach him." There is no reason why a parrot should not continue to increase his stock of phrases as he grows older, if the supposition that he looks upon it as an accomplishment for which he is in some way the better, is correct. The butcher-bird, for instance, and the sedge-warbler do not rest *satisfied* with learning their own notes, but often

learn and reproduce the notes of other birds in great perfection. The mocking-bird, which, like the sedge-warbler, has a fine song of its own, does the same. But the parrot has an advantage in being very long-lived and constantly in human company. The young parrot mentioned before gave an excellent instance of the association in its mind of words with things. Before it could talk, it was friendly with a kitten which used to enter its cage. This kitten was sent away, and for a year there was not another in the house. Then a grey Persian kitten was bought, and when introduced to the parrot was at once addressed as "Kitty," a word he had hardly heard since the departure of the other. The *correctness* of parrots' imitation, the result, no doubt, of their careful practice, is remarkable. A lady of the Dutch court, visiting the palace in the wood at the Hague soon after the death of the late queen of Holland, was startled by hearing the queen's voice exactly reproduced. It was a white cockatoo that had been a great pet of hers, which was in a corner of the room.

Parrots have no exclusive liking for the English language. They learn German, French, and Dutch quite easily. Another parrot at the Hague went through part of the Lord's Prayer in Dutch at an afternoon party, with other fragments of its mistress's devotions, which it had heard when in her room. All small white and sulphur cockatoos seem to say, "Küpper crou" when they want their heads scratched. We have translated it, "Scratch a poll;" but it is probably pure parrot language. Go up to any cockatoo and say this to him, at the same time holding the hand well above his head, and he will probably answer, and gradually lower his head and crest to allow you to gently ruffle the feathers the wrong way. Macaws do not seem to understand cockatoo language; but the grey parrots often use much the same sound. It seems to be a call-note, expressing their willingness to make friends and be petted.

"Is the talking of birds due to mental or physical causes?" is a question often asked. In the first place, no doubt, it is due to the disposition of the bird. Some parrots and cockatoos never learn to talk, though their organs of speech differ in no way from those of others that do. They seem to be without the imitative bias, like the hawks which have curved beaks and thick tongues, but are equally silent. But where the disposition to mimic is present, physical causes limit or widen the birds'

powers. Parrots and the crow tribe are both imitative, but the parrots' beaks and tongues are more suited for imitating human speech, just as the raven, with his high-arched beak and big throat, excels the jay. Other birds with still less suitable organs, such as the sedge-warbler, though excellent mimics, cannot reproduce human speech at all. There seems no reason why parrots, if they would breed in confinement, should not teach their accomplishments to their young ones as the canaries have done theirs. Perhaps in time the experiment may be made.

From The Saturday Review.
VEZELAY.

THOSE who know the country parts of France well will scarcely aver that there is any central department which presents more features of general interest to the intelligent tourist than the Yonne, with its copious streams, abrupt chalky cliffs, and elevated villages. The unevenness of the surface of the country increases and the land takes bolder forms the further south we go, till on the borders of Nièvre we find ourselves in the Morvan itself, in the melancholy and sentimental solitudes of the Black Forest of France. On the frontier of the Morvan the rocks are thrown into the form of what may almost be called mountains, and each has a natural terrace commanding a view of the double gorge below. In a district so well provided with magnificent sites not a few ancient villages and towns retain, at all events from a distance, their mediæval character, and in a thinly peopled country present the air of beacons or fortified cities. But when they are examined, they are found to be the mere shells of what they once were. When the counts of Auxerre were jostling their neighbors, the counts of Tonnerre, when the villages in the valleys were liable to pillage from such bands of robbers as the famous *Grandes Compagnies* of the fourteenth and the *Ecorcheurs* of the fifteenth century, it was necessary that the well-to-do part of the population, with its priests and its burghers, should be pressed within the walls of a city set on a hill. But since the Middle Ages the population of these mountain towns has gradually been dispersed, leaving to the architectural nut but little of its kernel. Of these dead cities of the Yonne; by far the most interesting is Vézelay.

There is still no railway to Vézelay, and the traveller who visits it has choice of two admirable, but very distinct, approaches as he walks or drives. If he comes from the west, from Clamecy, after a long and somewhat monotonous journey through an empty country with hillsides "redder than the fox," he suddenly sees, over a meadow in the foreground, a conical mountain, crowded with dark buildings, and surmounted by a gigantic church. As he approaches it, the mountain is seen to be of a less fabulous isolation, and the road winds up, past vineyards and apple-orchards, by an easy and not particularly curious ascent. But if the traveller arrives from the east—that is to say, from Avallon—long before he reaches Vézelay, as his road descends into the romantic chasm through which the Cure foams, he sees far away on his right hand the vast church crowning the conical hill, but has to traverse many a winding league of road, and to pass through the village of St. Père—whose exquisite thirteenth-century church is at this moment groaning in the violent hands of the restorer—before he reaches the foot of the hill of Vézelay. Then, with an abrupt turn to the left, comes the slow ascent of the mystical mountain, with its long line of old houses, brown and white, peeping over the crest of the cliff, and terminated by the towers of the great church; an ascent unrivalled in France, or perhaps anywhere but in Italy, for the unbroken mediæval character of its features. Thus, or not much otherwise, must Vézelay have looked when St. Bernard preached the Second Crusade before Louis VII. and his vassals; thus, when Richard Cœur de Lion met Philippe Auguste under the florid portals; thus when Théodore de Beza, a child of strange thoughts and words, played about in its streets. We enter, and are in a little ordinary French town of the fourth class; it is in its walls and clustering buildings and external line of life that Vézelay has preserved its unique charm of twelfth-century picturesqueness.

The famous monastery of Vézelay was founded, according to the common statement, in 821, but probably a generation later, by Gérard de Roussillon; its founder transferred to its Benedictines all his own rights of property in the town and in its inhabitants, securing for the abbey the remarkable privilege of complete temporal and ecclesiastical independence. The monks of Vézelay acknowledged no master but the pope, and they elected their abbots without requiring any other appro-

bation than that of the sovereign pontiff. The mutual jealousy of the bishops of Autun and the counts of Nevers preserved the balance of the liberties of Vézelay during the first two centuries of its weakness and obscurity. Gradually the increasing crowds of pilgrims who came to pray at the tomb of Mary Magdalen, whose relics had been brought out of Provence to Vézelay, raised the jealousy of Autun to a climax. The pope was appealed to, and the fate of the abbey hung in the balance. A papal decision of 1103 maintained the absolute independence of Vézelay, and the great celebrity of the mountain church began to set in. This decision tallied with the architectural prestige of the place; the gigantic basilica, in its original Romanesque form, of which the nave alone now survives, was just crowning the topmost terrace of granite when the papal decree was issued, and in 1106 the warlike Abbot Arnaud completed this splendid work. But his arrogance had driven his own townspeople to revolt, and in the very year that his church was finished the Vézéliens rose in arms; and, though they spared the church which covered the bones of the Magdalen, they burned the monastery and murdered the abbot.

The twelfth century, in spite of this misfortune, was one glorious in the annals of Vézelay. When, in 1146, Louis VII. appointed a general meeting of Christendom for Easter of the next year, Pope Eugenius III. appointed St. Bernard to be his delegate at the shrine of the Magdalen. The visitor may well recreate for himself, as he climbs the quaint path and looks up to the crested slope, that wonderful Easter morning when the eyes of all Europe were fixed on Vézelay, when the rocky slopes would not contain the surging crowds, and when Bernard and the king of France appeared on their high platform of wood, silhouetted against the sky, and scattered crosses of their garments to the fanatics below—"cœperunt," as the old chronicler says, "undique conclamando cruces, cruces expetere." This was but one, though perhaps the most dramatic, of the moments in which Vézelay became the centre of the spiritual heart of mediæval Europe. Twenty years later it saw Thomas à Becket, on the morning of Pentecost, solemnly pronounce excommunication on the creatures of Henry II., in the midst of a crowd of pilgrims by whom his burning words were immediately dispersed through the length and breadth of Christendom. A quarter of a century later still

it witnessed the devotion of two great kings and the start-word of the Third Crusade. Three times at least it was the scene of solemn ceremonials conducted under the direction of St. Louis in person.

Of all this peculiar sanctity, of this almost papal sovereignty and isolated authority, whatever remains in the sentiment of the town is centred around the vast and extraordinary church, without question one of the finest relics of architecture in a country singularly rich in such remains. But for the siege and capture of Vézelay by the Huguenots in 1569, it is difficult to say in how perfect a condition the abbey church might not have come down to us. The mutilations and profanations which it endured then, and again from the Revolution in 1793, have not been sufficient to destroy its majestic character or interfere with the solemn beauty of its outline. They have left almost untouched its most remarkable features. The *narthex*, or outer church, set apart for penitents and for catechumens, and separated from the nave by a wall pierced by exquisitely carved portals, dates from the twelfth century, and is perhaps the most remarkable of its rather rare class in France; when the doors are flung open, and the whole church is displayed at its full length, the effect is grandiose beyond comparison. The visitor, nevertheless, will be apt to wish that he could have seen the basilica before it was swept and garnished by the learned ingenuity of Viollet-le-Duc, from whose hands it has come to us as clean as a new penny, with all the record of age removed from its stones, with every venerable sign copied or forged, and with the quaint historic charm wiped out forever. The restoration has been carried out with reverence. There is nothing here of that colossal falsification, that destruction of the very substance of the past, which made the late M. Abbadie the pride of the Institute and the scourge of French mediæval architecture. If such work had to be done, and it is said that the very existence of the mighty church was in danger, into no better hands could Vézelay fall than those of Viollet-le-Duc. Still, the sentimental traveller sighs for the brown stains on the old Burgundian stone, the grain of smoke in the capitals, the very lichens in the monolithic columns of the choir. Without these incidents of color, all which are far more ruthlessly swept away by French than by English architects, it is hard to restore the genuine impression of antiquity.

Marvellous must have been the aspect of the town when the abbey basilica was only the most vast and splendid of its numerous edifices. Of the abbey itself but a ruin remains within the circuit of a garden wall; of the castle, only the foundations give solidity to a promenade which looks down towards Avallon and the distant undulations of the Morvan. Of the once famous seven gates of Vézelay, the situation of three may still be traced, and through the debased relics of one of them, the *Porte du Barle*, the visitor still climbs up into the town by the road which the procession of pilgrims took in the twelfth century. The *Porte-Neuve*, which stands a little further to the north, still retains something of its sixteenth-century character. Even of the great towers which flanked the church, two have disappeared, and the spires of those which remain have fallen. The days of the magnificence of Vézelay are gone forever; the aspect of its streets is desolate, its vast church is scarcely filled even at the most solemn offices. But its pathetic interest as a monument of a most curious phase of spiritual life in the Middle Ages can but steadily increase. Under the protection of the government, the effacement of its buildings will proceed no further, and its empty shell will for centuries more rise in pointed picturesqueness out of the Burgundian plain, evoking in the mind of those who approach it visions of thronging pilgrims, and monarchs pale from vigil, and the religious life beating out into Europe from its mountain gates, as blood pulses from the valves of the living heart.

From The Spectator.

AFTER SUMMER.

AUGUST is the month of matured summer and ripening fruits and grain. Looking abroad, we see how changed is the face of nature. There is a drooping fullness, a touch of mellow light that bespeaks the beginning of the end. How goodly a sight it is to see that rich yield-up of the land that speaks of such abundant future provision! A sweet and heavy hay crop has been gathered in, and now the cattle stand knee-deep and satiated in the lush aftermath. The grain, not yet ripe, but full and thick of ear, is just assuming its rich golden yellow.

Outside, and among the tangle-wood of the broad weed-fringes, the partridges are strutting or sunning themselves on the

hillocks; although living luxuriantly, they are waiting for the shearing of the hard, sound grain. Already the red squirrels have taken free right and warren of the grain, and the pretty, white-bellied field mice are nibbling the as yet sweet corn-stalks. Bees bungle at the mouths of the corolla tubes, and rabbits pop in and out of the bordering hedgerow. Sedate, sable rooks, white gulls, and blue wood-pigeons hang and hover about, waiting for the coming of the reaper; and from a beech-tree to an oak, there keeps fluttering across a blue-winged jay. The color of the corn is daily assimilating to that of the yellow buntings that have already begun to thrash the riper ears, and with them seem to have come all the birds of the country.

Even the ubiquitous sparrow is here in immense flocks, his once smutty plumage now showing rich coloring of black and white and brown. It is usual at this time of the year for the hunter of cab-stands and dusky chimney-stacks to take his annual holiday, and to seek out his share of the bountiful harvest. And no bird exercises his rights like the sparrow. Every cunning engine devised for his destruction he holds in utter and supreme contempt, and in spite of all he flourishes and multiplies. There can be now no question that the sparrow is one of the greatest impositions of advanced civilization. And yet, what if we were deprived of his presence? His reckless audacity and presumptive impudence is of that very type which is most fascinating and lovable. Here, thus early, is a field standing in stooks. And what an animated paradise to the things of the fields and woods! Linnets and greenfinches in vast flocks are picking among the straw. Clover springs green among the corn-stooks, and bees, hive and humble, invade the white and red clover flowers. Lying on the margin of our meadow suggests a golden time of mellow fruitfulness,—a lotus-eating land in which it might be always afternoon.

We creep by the tangled hedge-bottom, and come in view of the brae where the partridges bask. There is something lovable in the dumpy, old-maidish form of the partridge, and they give a sense of quiet peace and contentment to the scene. Presently from our side last year's oak-leaves are gently rustled, and from the weed-flowers by the woodbine's root emerges a pretty, white-bellied mouse, with a long tail. It runs by little starts, turning aside for an insect as it goes, clambering up grass-stalks, hanging by its

prehensile tail, swinging from the red campion to the ruddy corn, and now prettily sitting upright and holding a golden ear. Soon another mouse, like to the first, rustles the leaves and joins its mate. They gnaw off a pannicle of grain, and let it fall to the clover; then they descend. Soon the scarious husks are made to come away, and a dark shadow comes between sun and corn; and this is why our white-bellied mice rustled so hurriedly away. The kestrel, suspended as by a silken thread, hung over us for a moment, and was gone. Wading a little way out among the stubble we find the nest of the harvest-mice,—a beautiful, ball-like structure, exquisitely soft, and made of long grass-blades, cunningly interlaced. The corn-stalks pass right through the nest, and no opening is perceptible.

All our soft-billed, delicate wood-birds are just meditating their autumn flight. Many of the insects are already retiring to their long retreat, and the slightest suggestion of frost at night tells them that they must soon be gone. The birds which will now go from us are the great host of insect-eaters, to say nothing of the four birds of the swallow kind, which almost constitute a summer in themselves. Of course their places will be taken by a number of winter visitants, and these hardier forms will be more in keeping with the frost and snows of winter. In the fields just now we get the first suggestion of that flocking of birds which is so great a feature of feathered life in autumn. And this applies to the birds that will come to us, as well as those about to leave. On the Scandinavian seaboard, vast flocks of goldcrests and woodcocks will even now be concentrating themselves, and preparing for their stormy journey across the wild North Sea,—they know not why or where, only that a wild, resistless impulse drags them on. Soon those who live on the coast-line will see, among the other countless birds, that one of Job, the hawk, which stretches her wings to the south.

The home movements of our own birds — those whose migrations are only of a local character — are becoming less apparent. The twites and ling-birds are descending lower along the moorland belts, and wheatears are leading their young from their elevated breeding-tracts. The white-crescented ring-ouzel is leaving the torrent-sides, and seeking out the berries of the rowan-tree or mountain-ash. Almost as soon as the grouse-shooters commence, the birds begin to "pack,"

and as many as fifty may be seen now going together. This year, the number of both grouse and partridges, especially the former, is much greater than was anticipated. Much corn is still standing everywhere, and the ear will have to fill considerably before the coming of the reaper.

The nuts are becoming embrowned at their tips and the rosy clusters droop in shaggy plenty. A hazel copse at this season is a veritable haunt of abundant life. The pretty comma butterfly never seems absent from the hazel, and it is haunted by a host of moths. Among these are the lunar marble, the fair emperor, the nut-tree tussock, the copper underwing, the large emerald, the dark-bordered beauty, and the high-flyer moths. But there are three creatures pre-eminently of the copse. These are the squirrel, the dormouse, and the pretty little bird called the nuthatch. Our hazels are mostly shrubs, but out there in the clearing stands a tree thirty feet high. This vigorous growth comes of isolation, and is begotten of light and air and sun.

These clearings in the copse are common, and in one such stands a smooth-boled beech. Beneath it a squirrel, that dark-eyed miracle of the forest, sits upon its haunches gnawing beech-mast. Dis-

turbed at our approach, it rushes up the high hazel, gliding from branch to branch like a sunbeam. From its aerial outlook it surveys the world below, and stamps and garrulously chatters. The pretty creature haunts you, listens for you, hides from you, looks for you, loves you. But, as Rosalind said, so does the old keeper. "He abuses our young trees" by stripping them of their juicy bark. Here on this cushion of cup-moss let us sit awhile and watch him. Now he is half hidden in the foliage; in his fore paws he holds a shaggy cluster of nuts, one of which he abstracts, then allows the cluster to drop. The nut he secures adroitly, and rapidly rasps away the small end. A hole being made, he splits the shell with his long teeth. By examining the divided halves, the squirrel's mode of operation will be made clear. He is careful to pare off every particle of the brown skin which envelops the kernel before he begins to eat. Only the largest and soundest nuts are plucked. The dormouse and field-mouse adopt a somewhat different method of coming at the contents of the shell. They gnaw a hole in it, so small that the wonder is how the kernel is abstracted through it, and as regular as though drilled by a wimble.

SEPARATION OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

—Napoleon, writing to his brother Louis, king of Hol-and, disapproved of his attempt to injure England by the blockade, or driving merchandise from his own country, whereby the wealth and industry of his enemies would be increased. "There are only three ways," he said, "of effectually wounding England: separating Ireland from her, seizing the East Indies, and invasion. The last two cannot be effected without a powerful navy. I am astonished that the first way has been so easily given up."

THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD. — The Eisteddfod at Bangor was of more than usual interest this year. The Eisteddfods, as a rule, deserve every attention they can receive from the general public, as they hold the important position of being the foundation of choral singing, now so largely developed throughout the United Kingdom. At the same time they possess of course other and well-known functions which are peculiar to themselves, first among which is the trial of skill in verse among the Welsh bards, the coronation of

the successful competitor being one of the special features of the festival. The great interest taken in the matter this year is not surprising, as the office of crowning the bard was performed by the talented queen of Roumania, whose great intellectual gifts are well known, for "Carmen Sylva's" literary work has achieved European fame. A bard herself, she responded to the addresses recited in her honor by the Welsh bards, in the following charming little poetic address: —

Long live the bards, and long live the song,
And the harp with the soul's own singing;
May ever the thanksgiving choirs throng;
Where the echoes from old are ringing;
Where the song has a throne, and the bards a crown,
The sword of peace is uplifted,
And sweet welcome sounds from the shore to the town
To the stranger with singing gifted.
Long live the smile, and the song, and the tale,
That nought from the soul can sever;
May sunshine brighten each Emerald Isle,
Hail, Cymru, old Cymru, forever!

The queen of Roumania's Eisteddfod is likely to be long remembered by those who witnessed this particular scene, and we feel sure it will not be easily forgotten by "Carmen Sylva," to whose poetic sympathies the whole affair must have very specially appealed.

